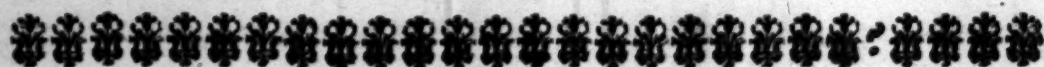




The minde of the Frontspiece.

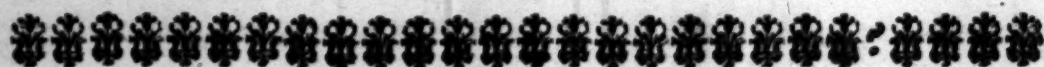
*Reader, behinde this silken Frontspiece lyes
The Argument of our Booke : which to your eyes
Our Muse (for serious causes , and best knowne
Vnto her selfe) commands should be unshowne:
And therefore, to that end, she bath thought fit
To draw this Curtaine , 'twixt your eye and it.*





The minde of the Frontspiece.

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ARGALVS and PARTHENIA

The Argument of y^e History

Argalus
upon
became
loved
Parthenia to
Demetrius
and
Cyprus
when
the king
to enter
lus (who
messenger
ter with
under y^e disguise
by y^e same sword

who had
Cecilia
inflamed
to Parthenia
compense
of Lacon
affection
honour,
Basilus
a letter
Amphibia
to encourage
Parthenia
death. &
& dyed

Newly perused perfected and

Written by Fra: Quarles.
Lusit Anacreon

London Printed for John Marriott in S^t Dunstons Church:
yard fleetstreet.

The Cecil Sculp

ARGALIS and PARTHENIA

The Argument of History

History is the
foundation of
all knowledge
and the basis
of all science
and art. It is
the record of
the past, and
the guide to
the future.

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History is the foundation of all knowledge and the basis of all science and art.

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History is the foundation of all knowledge and the basis of all science and art.

20528a

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY LORD RICH OF KEN-
SINGTON, EARLE OF HOL-
LAND, CAPTAIN OF HIS
M^{ties} GWARD, AND GENTLE-
MAN OF THE BED-CHAMBER,
CHANCELLOR OF THE UNI-
VERSITIE OF CAMBRIDGE,
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE
ORDER OF THE GARTER:
ONE OF HIS MAJESTIES
MOST HONOVABLE
PRIVIE COUNCEL;

AND GREAT EXAMPLE OF
TRVE HONOV AND
CHIVALRIE:

FRA: QVARES
PRESENTS AND DEDICATES
HIS *ARGALVS* AND
PARTHENIA.

7

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY LORD RICH OF KEN-
SINGTON, EARLE OF HOL-
LAND, CAPTAIN OF HIS
MAJESTY'S GUARD, AND GENTLE-
MAN OF THE BED CHAMBER,
CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-
CHEQUER, OF CAMBRIDGE,
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE
ORDER OF THE GARTER,
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S
MOST HONORABLE
PRIVATE COUNSELLORS;

AND GREAT EXAMINER OF
TRUE HONOR AND
CHIVALRY:

FOR: QVALES
PRESENTS AND DEDICATES
HIS REGALMS AND
PATRIMONY

To the Reader.

Reader,

I Present thee here with a history of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, the fruits of broken houres. It was a *Siens* taken out of the Orchard of Sir *Philip Sidney*, of precious memory, which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-stock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many leaves, and promises pleasing fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the bud. This Book differs from my former, as a *Courtier*, from a *Churchman*: But if any thinke it unfit for one to play both parts, I have presidents for it: And let such know, that I have taken but one Play-day in six: However, I should beshrew that hand that bindes them all together to make one *Volume*. In this discourse, I have not affected to set thy understanding on the Rack, by the tyranny of strong *lines*, which (as they fabulously report of *China-dishes*) are made for the third *Generation* to make use of, and are the meere itch of wit, under the colour of which, many have ventured (trusting to the *Oedipean* conceit of their ingenuous *Reader*) to write *non-sense*, and feloniously father the created expositions of other men; not unlike some Painters, who first make the picture, then, from the opinion of better judgements, conclude whom it resembles. These lines are strong enough for my purpose; If not for thine, yet read them, and your understandings may be magnified by their weakenesse. Reader, thou shalt in the progresse of this *Story*, meet with a seeming *Solacisme*; which is this; *Demagoras*

his so foule a deed perpetrated upon the faire *Parthenia*, is fully exprest; and yet, the revenge thereof past over in silence; wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjustly. When *Prometheus* stole fire from heaven to animate and quicken his artificiall bodies, the severer gods for punishment of so high a sacriledge, struck him not dead with a sudden *Thunder-bolt*, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with *Vulters*, continually gnawing on his *Liver*. The same kinde of torture had *Ixion*: so had *Sisyphus*: so had *Tantalus*: Did then *Demogoras* fault equall (if not exceed) theirs, and should his punishment be lesse? Had my pen delivered him dead into your hands, what could ye have had more? His accursed memory had soone rotted with his baser name, and there had beene an end of him: In which respect, I have suffered him to live; that hee may stand like a *Iack a Lent*, or a *Shroving Cock* for every one to spend a Cudgell at, to the worlds end. *Ladies* (for in your silken laps I know this book will choose to lie, which being farre fetched, if the *Stationer* be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is, that you would bee pleased to give the faire *Parthenia* your noble entertainment: Shee hath crost the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kisse them.

Fr: Qu:

Dublin this 4. of

March. 1628.

ARGALVS AND PARTHENIA.

The first Booke.

VVithin the limits of th' *Arcadian* land,
Whose gratefull bounty hath enricht the
Of many a shepherd swaine, whose rurall Art (hand
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled love) did build to Fame
Eternall *Trophies* of a Pastoral name,
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in antique dayes,
Was wont to warble out her well run'd layes
To all the world; and, with her Oaten-Reed,
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed;
Arcadia, whose deserts did claime to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* tree,
As his, whose louder *Aenead* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings;
There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,
Whose rare compofure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent
Can serve but as a needleffe complement,
To gild perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.

Her

Her mother was a Lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honour, then diseases ; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in speech, but liberall of her eare ;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes ;
Wedded to what her owne opinion strikes ;
Frequent in almes, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty spirit, constant to her *beads*,
Wisely suspitious ; but what need we other
Then this ? she was the faire *Parthenia's* Mother ;
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose heavenly eye
Sits maiden mildnesse, mixt with majesty,
Whose secret power hath a double skill,
By frownes or smiles, to make alive, or kill ;
Her cheekes are like to banks of fairest flowers,
Enrich't with sweetnesse from the twilight showers,
Whereon those jarres which were so often bred,
Compos'd were, betwixt the white and red :
Her haire rought downe beneath her yvory knees,
As if that Nature, to so rare a piece
Had meant a shadow, labouring to show
And boast the utmost, that her hand could doe :
Like smallest flaxe appear'd her Nymph-like haire,
But onely flaxe was not so small, so faire :
Her lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
In stead of teeth, that orient *Pearles* had bin :
The whitenesse of her dainty neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new-falne *Snow* ;
Her Swan-like brests were like two little *Sphaeres*,
VVherein, each azure line in view appears,
VVhich, were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberall Arts would turne *Astronomy* ;
Her slender waste, her lilly hands, her armes

I dare not set to view ; because all charmes
Forbidden are : My bashfull *Muse* descends
No lower step : Here her *Commission* ends,
And by another vertue doth enioyne
My pen to treat perfection, more divine.
The chaste *Diana*, and her Virgin-crew
Was but a *Type* of one that should ensue
In after ages, which we finde exprest,
And here fulfill'd in chaste *Parthenia's* brest :
True vertue was the object of her will ;
She could no ill ; because she knew no ill ;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not lavish,
Yet free, but wisely waigh'd ; more apt to ravish,
Then to entice ; lesse beautified with Art,
Then naturall sweetnesse : In her gentle heart
Judgement transcended : from her milder brest
Passion was not exiled, but repress :
Her voyce excell'd, nay, had you heard her voyce
But warble forth, you might have had the choice,
To take her for some smooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or else some glorious *Angel*, that had bin
A treble sharer in th'eternall joyes,
Such was her voyce, such was her heavenly voyce :
Merry, yet modest ; witty, and yet wise ;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice ;
Quick, but not rash ; Courteous, & yet not common ;
Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man :
In briebe, who would relate her praises well,
Must first bethink himselfe, what tis t'excell.

When these perfections had enhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
Grew great with honour, spreads her hasty wings
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,

B

And

And with her full mouth'd blast she doth proclaime
 Th'unmated glory of *Partheniaes* name:
 Who now but faire *Parthenia*? what report
 Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
 But faire *Partheniaes*? Every solemne feast
 Must now be sweetned, honour'd, and possesse
 With high discourses of *Partheniaes* glory,
 And every mouth must breathe *Partheniaes* story.
 The *Poet* summons now his amorous quill,
 And scornes assistance from the sacred *Hill*:
 The sweet-lipt *Oratour* takes in hand to raise
 His prouder style, to speake *Partheniaes* praise.
 The curious *Painter* wisely doth displace
 Faire *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.
 The pleader burnes his bookes, disdaines the Law,
 And fals in love with whom his eyes ne're saw.
 Healths to the faire *Parthenia* fly about
 At every board, whilst others, more devout
 Build Idols to her, and adore the same;
 And *Parrets* learne to prate *Partheniaes* name:
 Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
 Her worth; some emulate, and some envies;
 Some doubt, some feare lest lavish fame belie her,
 And all that dare beleeeve report, admire.

Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
 Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord, Of proud command,
 Lord of much people, youthfull and of fame
 More great than good; *Demagoras* his name;
 Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
 Thick shouldred, hollow cheek'd and visage eager,
 His gashfull countenance swarthy, long and thinne,
 And downe each side of his reverted chinne
 A lock of black neglected haire (befriended

With

With warts too ugly to be seen) descended;
 His rowling eyes were deeply sunke, and hiew'd
 Like fire; Tis said, they blister'd where they view'd.
 Upon his shoulders from his fruitfull crowne,
 A rugged crop of *Elfelocks* dangled downe:
 His hide all hairy, gairish his attire,
 And his complexion meerely Earth and Fire;
 Perverse to all, extenuating what
 Another did, because he did it not:
 Maligning all mens actions but his owne,
 Not loving any, and belov'd of none:
 Revengefull, envious, desperately stout,
 And in a word, to paint him fully out,
 That had the *Monopoly* to fulfill
 All vice; the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
 He view'd *Partheniaes* face. As from above,
 Firebals of lightning hurl'd by angry *Love*,
 Confound'd the unarm'd beholder at a blow,
 And leave him ruin'd in the place: Even so
 The peerelesse beauty of *Partheniaes* eyes,
 At the first sight did conquer and surprize
 The lavish thoughts of this amazed lover,
 Who voide of strength to hide, or to discover
 The tyrannous scorching of his secret fires,
 Prompted by passion, with him selfe conspires;
Accurs'd Demagoras! Into what a fever
Hath one looke struck thy soule? Oh never, never
To be recor'd! If I had done amisse,
Hath heaven no easier plagues in store, but this?
Prometheus paines are not so sharp as these,
Our sinnes yet labour'd both of one disease;
Our faults are equal; Both stole fire from heaven;
Our faults alike, why are our plagues uneven?

Be just ; O make not such unequall ods
 Of equall sinnes : Be just ; or else no Gods :
 Why send ye downe such Angels to the earth,
 To mock poore mortals ? or of mortall birth
 If such a heaven-like Paragon may be,
 Why doe ye not wound her as well as me ?
 But why doe I implore your aides in vaine,
 That are the highest Agents in my paine ?
 Poore wretch ! What hope of help can ye assure me,
 When onely she, that made the wound, can cure me ?
 Divine Parthenia, earths unvalued Iewell ;
 Would thou hadst beene lesse glorious, or lesse cruell :
 When first thine eyes did to these eyes appeare,
 I read the history of my ruine there,
 My necessary ruine : Heaven, nor hell
 Can salve my sores, by help of Prayer or spell ;
 Gods are unjust ; and if, with charmes, I haunt her,
 Her eyes are counter-charmes, t'inchant th'inchanter :
 Why doe I thus exalcerate my disease ?
 By adding torments, hope I to find ease ?
 Is not her cruelty enough, alone,
 But must I bring fresh torments of my owne ?
 Cheare up Demagoras ; 'Tis a wise mans part
 Not to lose all if his unpractis'd art
 Serves not to gaine : A Gamester may not choose
 His chance : It is some conquest not to loose :
 Looke to thy selfe : Let no injurious blast
 Of could despaire chill thy greene wounds too fast
 For time to cure : O, hope for no remission
 Of paine, till Cupid send thee a Phyfition ;
 She is a woman, If a woman, then
 My title's good ; Women were made for men :
 She is a woman, though her heavenly brow

VWrite

Write Angel, and may sloop, although not now ;
 Women, by looks, will not be understood
 Vntill their hearts advise with flesh and blood :
 She is a woman ; There's no reason why,
 But she (perchance) may burne as well as I.
 Move then, Demagoras, let Parthenia know
 The strength of her owne beauty, in thy woe :
 Feare not, what thou ador'st ; begin to move,
 Chris crosse fore runs the Alphabet of love :
 Tis halfe perfected, what is once begun ;
 She is a woman ; and she must be wonne.

Like as a Swaine, whose hands have made a vow,
 And sworne allegiance to the peacefull Plough,
 Prest out for service in the Martiall campe,
 At first (unentred) findes a livelesse dampe
 Beleagring every joynt ; as often swounds
 As ere he viewes his sword, or thinks of wounds ;
 At length (not finding any meanes for flying,
 Switcht and spurd on with desp'rate feare of dying)
 He hewes, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,
 And freshly deals about my frantick blowes ;
 Even so Demagoras, whose unbred fashion
 Had never yet subscrib'd to loves sweet passion,
 Being call'd a Combatant to Cupids field,
 Trembles, and secretly resolves to yeeld
 The day without a parly, till at length,
 Fiercely transported by th'untutor'd strength
 Of his own passion, he himselfe assures,
 That desp'rate torments must have desp'rate cures ;
 And thus to the divine Partheniaes cares
 Applies his speech, devoide of doubts and feares ;

Fairest of creatures, If my ruder tongue,
 To right it selfe, should doe your patience wrong ;

And lawlesse passion makes it too too free,
 O blame your heavenly beauty and not me;
 It was those eyes, those precious eyes that first
 Enforc'd my tongue to speake, or heart to burst:
 From those deare eyes I first receiv'd that wound,
 Which seekes for cure, and cannot be made sound
 But by the hand that struck; To you alone,
 I sue for help, that else must hope for none:
 Then crowne my joyes, thou Antidote of despaire,
 And be as mercifull as thou art faire;
 Nature, (the bounty of whose liberall hand
 Made thee the jewell of the Arcadian land)
 Intended in so rare a prize, to boast
 Her master-piece: Hid Jewels are but lost.
 Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due,
 But honour her, as she hath honour'd you:
 Let not the best of all her works lie dead
 In the nice Casket of a Maidenhead:
 What she would have reveal'd, O doe not smother,
 Th' art made in vaine, unlesse thou make another:
 Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
 Lest thou shouldst want a heart, Ile give thee mine
 As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,
 As thou with vertue, or thine eyes with beauty:
 Why dost thou frown? why does that heavenly brow
 Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkle now?
 Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while,
 O lend me but the twilight of a smile:
 Give me one amorous glance: why standst thou mute?
 Disclose those ruby lips, and grant my suite:
 Speake (love) or if thy doubtfull minde be bent
 To silence, let that silence be consent:
 Nor beg I love of almes, although in part,

My

*My words may seeme to emplead my owne desert ;
Disdaine me not, although my thoughts descend
Below themselves, & enjoy so faire a friend :
I, that have oft, with tears beene sought to, sue ;
And Queenes have been his servants, that serves you :
The beauties of all Greece have beene at strife
To win the name of great Demagoras wife,
And beene despis'd, not worthy to obtaine
So high an honour, what they sought (in vaine)
I heare present thee with, as thine owne due,
It being an honour fit for none but you :
Speake then (my love) and let thy lips make knowne
That I am either thine or not mine owne.*

Have you beheld when fresh *Auroras* eye
Sends forth her early beames, and by and by
Withdrawes the glory of her face, and shrowds
Her cheekes behinde a ruddy maske of clouds,
Which, who beleeve in *Erra Pater* say,
Presages winde, and blustrie stormes that day,
Such were *Parthenias* lookes; in whose faire face
Roses and *Lillies*, late had equall place,
But now, twixt maiden bashfulnesse, and spleene,
Roses appear'd, and *Lillies* were not seene :
She paus'd a while, till at the last, she breakes
Her long kept angry silence, thus, and speakes,

My Lord,
Had your strong Oratory but the Art,
To make me conscious of so great desert,
As you perswade, I should be bound in duty
To praise your Rhet'ricke, as you praise my beauty ;
Or if the frailty of my judgement could
Flatter my thoughts so grossly, as to hold

Your

Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
Count me as foolish, as you terme me faire.
If you vie Courship, fortune knowes that I
Have not so strong a Game, to see the vye:
Alas my skill durst never undertake
To play the game, where hearts be set at stake;
Needs must the losse be great, when such have bin
Seldom observ'd to save themselves, that win:
You crave my heart, My Lord, you crave withall,
Too great a mischief; My poore heart's too small
To fill the concave of so great a brest,
Whose thoughts can scorne the amorous request
Of love-sick Queenes, and can requite the vaine,
And factious suits of Ladies with disdain:
Stoop not so low beneath your selfe (great Lord)
To love Parthenia: Shall so poore a word
Staine your faire lips, whose merits doe proclaime
A more transcendent fortune, then that name
Can give? Call downe Joves winged Pursuivant,
And give his tongue the power to enchant
Some easie Goddesse, in your name, and treat
A marriage fitting so sublime, so great
A minde as yours, and fill the fruitfull earth
With Heroes, sprung from so divine a birth:
Partheniaes heart could never yet aspire
So high: Her home-bred thoughts durst ne'r desire
So fond an honour, matcht with so great pride,
To hope for that, which Queenes have been deny'd.
Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat
S'unfit a suit; Be wise as you are great:
Advance your noble thoughts: hazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
That to the wiser world, it may be knowne,

The lesse y' are mine, the more you are your owne.

Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom
Offended Justice lately past her doome,
Stands trembling by, and hopelesse to prevaile,
Bauls not for mercy; but to the loath'd *laile*
Dragges his sad Irons, and from thence commends
A hasty suit to his selected friends,
That by the vertue of a quick *Reprive*,
The wretch might have some few dayes more to
Even so *Demagoras*, whose rewounded heart (live.
Had newly felt the unexpected smart
And secret burthen of a desperate doome,
Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the roome;
And, in his discontented minde, revolves
Ten thousand thoughts; and, at the last, resolves
What course to run, relying on no other
But the assistance of *Partheniaes* mother
Forthwith his fierce misguided passion drove
His wandring steps to the next neighbouring grove;
A keen Steeletto in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd, upon his lips did stand
A milke white froth; his eyes like flames; sometimes
He curses heaven; himselfe; and then, the times;
Railes at the proud *Parthenia*; raves; despaires;
And from his head rends off his tangled haire;
Curses the womb that bare him; bans the *Fates*,
And drunk with spleene, he thus deliberates:

*Why dyest thou not, Demagoras, when as death
Lends thee a weapon? Can the whining breath
Of discontent and passion send reliefe
To thy distraction, or assuage thy griefe?
Why mov'st thou not the Gods? Or, rather, why
Do'st not contemne, and scorne their power, and die?*

But stay ! Of whom dost thou complaine ? A woman.
 To whom (fond man) dost thou complaine ? A woman.
 And shall a womans frownes have power to grieve thee ?
 Or shall a womans wanton smile relieve thee ?
 Fye fie Demagoras, shall a womans eye
 Prevaile, to make the stout Demagoras die,
 And leave to after times an entred name
 Itb' Calender of fooles ? Rouze up for shame
 Thy wasted spirits : whet thy spleen, and liue
 To be reveng'd : She, she that would not give
 Admittance to thy proferd love, must drink
 The potion of thy hate : stirre then the sink
 Of all thy passion ; where thou canst not gain
 By fairer language, Tarquin-like constrain.
 But hold thy hand, Demagoras, and advise ;
 Art gives ad vantage oft where force denies ;
 Suspend thy fury : Make Partheniaes mother
 Thy meane : One Adamant will cut another :
 Sweeten thy lips with amarus Oratory ;
 Affect her tender heart with the sad story
 Of thy deare love ; Extoll Partheniaes beauty ;
 But most of all, urge that deserved duty
 Thou ow'st her vertue, and make that the ground
 Of thy first love ; that gave thy heart the wound :
 Mingle thy words with sighs ; and it is meet,
 If thou canst force a teare, to let her see't
 Against thy will. Let thy false tongue forbear
 No vowe, and though thou be'st forsworne, yet swear :
 If ere thy barren lips shall chance to pause,
 For want of words ; Parthenia is the cause,
 VVho hath benum'd thy heart ; if ere they goe
 Beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so :
 VVithall, be sure, when ere thou shalt aduance

The daughters vertues, let the glory glance
 Vpon the prudent mother ; *Women* care not
 To heare too much of vertue if they share not.
 When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting eare
 To soft attention, closely, in the eare
 Of thy discourse, preferre thy sad petition,
 That she would please to fauour the condition
 Of a distressed lover, and afford
 In thy behalfe, a mothers timely word ;
 So shalt thou wrack thy vengeance by a wile,
 And make the mother bawd to her owne childe.

He paused not ; but like a rash projector
 (Whose franticke passion was supreme director)
 Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second,
 Which might bin bettered by advice ; and reckon'd
 All time but lost, which he bestowed not
 On th' execution of his hopefull plot :
 Forthwith his nimble paces he diuided
 Towards the *Summer Palace*, where resided
 The faire *Partheniaes* mother, boldly enters,
 And after mutuall complement, adventures
 To breake the yce of his dissembled griefe ;
 Thus he complains, and thus he begs reliefe ;

Madam,

The hopefull thriving of my suit depends
 Vpon your goodnesse, and it recommends
 It selfe unto your fauour, from whose hand
 It must haue sentence, or to fall, or stand ;
 Thrice three times hath the Soveraigne of the night
 Repaired her empty hornes with borrowed light,
 Since these sad eyes, these beauty blasted eyes
 Were stricken by a light that did arise
 From your blest wombe, whose unasswaged smart

Hath pierc'd my soule, and wounded my poore heart ;
It is the faire Parthenia, whose divine
And glorious vertue led these eyes of mine
To their owne ruine ; Like a wanton flye,
I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
Till I have burn'd my wings : O, if to love
Be held a sinne ; the guilty gods above
(Being fellow sinners with us, and commit
The selfe same crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.
O thrice divine Parthenia, that hast got
A sacred priviledge which the gods have not,
If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereaven
Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven ;
And welcome death that with one happy blow
Gives me more ease, then life could ever doe.
Madam, to whom should my sad words appeale
But you ? Alas, to whom should I reveale
My dying thoughts but unto you, that gave
Being to her, that hath the power to save
My wasted life ; The language of a mother
Moves more then teares, that trick le from another.
With that a well dessembled drop did slide
From his false eyes. The Lady thus reply'd :
My honorable Lord,
If my untimely answer hath prevented
Some farther words your passion would have vented,
Pardon my hast, which in a ruder fashion
Sought onely to divide you, from your passion :
The love you beare Parthenia must claime
The priviledge of mine care, and in her name,
(Though from an absent minde, as yet unknowne)
Returne I thanks, with interest of mine owne.
The little judgement, that the gods have lent

Her

Her downy yeares (though in a small extent)
Does challenge the whole freedome of her choice,
In the resignment of a mothers voice :
The sprightly fancies of a Virgins minde
Enter themselves, and hate to be confinde ;
The hidden Embers of a lovers fire
Desire no bellows, but their owne desire ;
And like to Dedalus his forge, if blowne
Burnes dim and dies ; blazes, if let alone ;
Lovers affect without advisement, that
Which being most perswaded to they hate.
My Lord, adjourne your passion, and refer
The fortune of your suit to time, and her.
Like to a Pinace is a lovers minde,
The Saile his fancy is ; a storme of winde
His uncontrouled passion ; the Steare's
His reason ; Rockes and Sands, are doubts and feares ;
Your storme being great, like a wise Pilot, beare
But little Saile, and stoutly ply the Steare :
Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me
My Lord, too hasty gamesters overse.
Goe, move Parthenia ; and let Juno's blessing
Attend your hopefull suite, in the suppressing
Loves common evils ; and if her warm desire
Show but a sparke, leave me to blow the fire.
Goe, lose no time : Lovers must be laborious ;
My Lord, goe prosperous, and retorne victorious.

With that, Demagoras (prostrate on the ground,
As if his eares had heard that blessed sound,
Wherewith the Delphian Oracle acquites
The accepted sacrifice) performes the rites
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voice,
Which fed his soule with the malignant joyes

Of vow'd revenge, up from the floore he starts,
 Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time, had the heaven-surrounding Steeds
 Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting
 Into the lower *Hemisphaere*, to coole (heads
 Their flaming nostrils in the *Westerne poole*,
 When as the dainty and mollitious aire
 Had bid the *Lady of the Palace*, share
 In her refined pleasures, and invited
 Her gentle steps, fully to be delighted
 In those sweet walks, where *Flora's* liberall hand
 Had given more freely, then to all the Land.
 There walked she; and in her various minde,
 Projects and casts about which way to finde
 The progresse of the young *Partheniaes* heart;
 Likes this way: then a second thought does thwart
 The first; likes that way; then a third the second:
 One while she likes the match, and then she reckon'd
Demagoras vertues: now her feare entices
 Her thoughts to alter; then she counts his vices:
 Sometimes she calls his vowes and oathes to minde;
 Another while, thinks oathes and words but winde.
 She likes, dislikes; her doubtfull thoughts do vary;
 Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary:
 One while she feares that his maligne aspect
 Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect:
 And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
 His wealth, the golden cover of all faults:
 And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
 Her feares; creates a world of wealth; and rests.
 With that, she straight unfixt her fastned eyes
 From off the ground; and looking up, espies
 The faire *Parthenia*, in a lonely bowre,
 Spending

Spending the treasure of an evening houre :
There sate she, reading the sweet-sad discourses
Of *Charicleas* love : the entercourses
Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
To feel the selfe same joy, the selfe same smart :
She read, she wept ; and, as she wept, she smil'd,
As if her equall eyes had reconcil'd
Th'extreames of joy and grieve : she clos'd the book,
Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
She pities lovers ; musing then a while,
She teaches smiles to weep ; and teares to smile :
At length, her broken thoughts she thus discovers :

*Vnconstant state of poore distressed lovers !
Is all extreame in love ? No meane at all ?
No draughts indifferent ? Either honey or gall ?
Hath Cupids Vniverse no temp'rate Zone,
Either a torrid or a frozen one ?*

Alas, alas, poore lovers. As she spake
Those words, from her disclosed lips there brake
A gentle sigh ; and after that another :
With that, steps in her unexpected mother.

Have ye beheld, when *Tytans* lustfull head
Hath newly div'd into the sea-green bed
Of *Thetis*, how the bashfull *Horizone*
(Enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)
Lookes red for shame ; and blushes to discover
Th'incestuous pleasures of the heaven-borne lover ?
So look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye
Of her unwelcome mother did descry
Her secret passion : The mothers smile
Brought forth the daughters blush ; and levell coyle
They smil'd and blush'd ; one smile begat another ;
The daughter blush'd, because the jealous mother

Smil'd

Smil'd on her ; and the silent mother smilde,
To see the conscious blushing of her childe :
At length, grown great with words, she did awake
Her forced silence, and she thus bespake ;

Blush not, my fairest daughter ; Tis no shame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the brest :
Tis charity to succour the distrest.
The disposition of a generous heart
Makes every griefe her own ; at least, beares part.
What marble, ah what adamantine eare
Ere heard the flames of Troy, without a teare ?
Much more the scorching of a lovers fire,
(Whose desp'rate fiewell is his own desire)
May boldly challenge every gentle heart
To be joyntenant in his secret smart.
Why dost thou blush ? why did those pearly teares
Slide down ? Feare not : this arbour hath no eares ;
Here's none but we ; speak then : It is no shame
To shed a teare ; thy mother did the same :
Say ; hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
Sent ere a message to thy wounded heart ?
Speak, in the name of Hymen I conjure thee ;
If so, I have a Balsam shall recure thee ;
I feare, I feare, the young Laconian Lord
Hath lately left some indigested word
In thy cold stomack ; which, for want of art,
I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart :
If that be all, revealing brings reliefe ;
Silence in love but multiplies a griefe :
Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be indur'd :
which being but disclos'd, is easily cur'd :
Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother

Thy

Thy close affection from thy angry mother,
And reap the dainty fruits of love unseen ;
I did the like, or thou hadst never been ;
Stolne goods are sweetest : If it be thy minde
To love in secret, I will be as blinde
As he that wounded thee ; or if thou dare
Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care
Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire
The sweet fruition of thy choice desire :
Thou lov'st Demagoras ; If thy lips deny,
Thy conscious heart must give thy lips the lye:
And if thy liking countermand my will,
Thy punishment shall be, to love him still:
Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit
The crowne, belonging to so faire a merit ;
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
To speake, at least, an age above his yeares ;
The blood of his increasing honour springs
From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings :
The gods have blest him with a librell hand,
Enricht him with the prime of all the land :
Honour and wealth attend his gates, and what
Can he command that he possesses not ?
All which, and more, (if mothers can divine)
The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine :
He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes
Have tooke him prisoner : he submits, and lies
At thy deare mercy, hoping ne'r to be
Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
Wrong not thy selfe, in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be proferd twice
Accept at first : It is a foolish minde
To be too coy : Occasion's bald behinde.

*Tis not the common work of every day
 T' afford such offers ; Take them while you may,
 Times alter : youth and beauty are but blasts ;
 Use then thy time, whilst youth and beauty lasts :
 For if that loath'd and infamous reproach
 Of a stale maide, but offer to incroach
 Vpon opinion, th'art in estimation,
 Like garments kept till they be out of fashion :
 Thy worth, thy wit, thy vertues all must stand
 Like goods at out cries, priz'd at second hand ;
 Resolve thee then, t' enlarge thy Virgin life
 With th' honourable freedome of a wife ;
 And let the fruits of that blest marriage be
 A living pledge betwixt my Child and me.*

*So said ; The faire Parthenia (in whose heart
 Her strong affection yet had got the start
 Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,
 Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding lawes
 Of filiall duty to her best affection,
 Sometimes, submits unto her own election,
 Sometimes unto her mothers : thus divided
 In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
 By one desire, and sometimes by another,
 She thus reply'd to her attentive mother :*

Madam,

*Think not Parthenia, under a pretence
 Of silence, studies disobedience :
 Or by the crafty slownesse of reply,
 Borrowes a quick advantage to deny :
 It lies not in your power, to command
 Beyond my will : unto your tender hand
 I here surrender up that little All
 You gave me, freely to dispose withall :*

The gods forbid, Parthenia should resist
 What you command, command you what you list:
 But pardon me, the young Laconian Lord
 Hath made assault, but never yet could beard
 This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,
 But my misconstrued streames did ne'r proceed
 From Cupids spring: This blubber'd book makes known
 Whose griefes I wept; I wept not for mine own;
 My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire
 The least degree, towards the proud desire
 Of so great honour, to be call'd his wife
 For whom ambitious Queenes have been at strife;
 He su'd for love, and strongly did importune
 My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune;
 My brest was marble, and my heart forgot
 All pity; for indeed, I lov'd him not:
 But Madam; you, to whose more wise directions
 I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
 You have commanded, and your will shall be
 The squire of my uneven desires, and me;
 I'll practise duty, and my deed shall show it;
 I'll practise love, though Cupid never know it.

When great *Basilus* (he whose princely hand
 Nourisht long peace in the *Arcadian* land)
 With triumph, brought to his renowned Court
 His new espoused Queen, was great resort
 Of forraine States, and Princes, to behold
 The truth, that unbeleev'd report had told
 Of faire *Gynecias* worth: Thither repair'd
 The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
 In warlike furniture, and well addrest;
 With solemne Jousts to glorifie the feast
 Of marriage royall, lately past between

Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble *Queen*,
The faire *Gynecia* ; in whose face and brest,
Nature, and curious Art had done their best,
To summe that rare perfection, which (in brieft)
Transcends the power of a strong beliefe ;
Her Syer was the *Cyprian* King, whose fame
Receiv'd more honour from her honour'd name,
Then if he had, with his victorious hand,
Unſceptred halfe the Princes in the land :
To tell the glory of this royall Feast,
The *Bridegroomes* ſtate, and how the *Bride* was drest ;
The princely ſervice, and the rare delights ;
The ſeverall names & worth, of Lords and Knights ;
The quaint *Impreſa's*, their deviſefull ſhowes ;
Their marſhall ſports, their oft redoubled blowes ;
The courage of this Lord, or that proud horſe ;
Who ran ; who got the better, who, the worſe,
Is not my taſke, nor lies it in my way,
To make relation of it : *Heraulds* may :
Yet fame and honour have ſeleſted one
From that illuſtrious crue ; and him alone
Have recommended to my carefull quill,
Forbidding that his honour ſhould lie ſtill
Among the reſt, whom fortune and his ſpirit,
That day, had crowned with a victors merit,
His name was *Argalus* ; In *Cyprus* borne :
And (if what is not ours, may adorne
Our proper fortunes) his blood-royall ſprings
From th'ancient ſtock of the great *Cyprian* Kings :
His outſide, had enough to ſatiſfie
The expectation of a curious eye :
Nature was too too prodigall of her beauty,
To make him halfe ſo faire, whom fame and duty

He

He ought to honour, call'd so often forth,
 T'approve the exc'llence of his manly worth:
 His minde was richly furnisht with the treasure
 Of morall knowledge, in so liberall measure,
 Not to be proud: So valiant and so strong
 Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong:
 Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
 Fast to his old friends, and unapt for new:
 Lord of his word, and master of his passion,
 Serious in businesse, choice in recreation:
 Not too mistrustfull, and yet wisely wary;
 Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary:
 And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
 So rare a body with so rare a minde.

Thrice had the bright surveyor of the heaven
 Divided out the dayes and nights by eaven
 And equall houres, since this childe of fame
 (Invited by the glory of her name,)
 First view'd *Partheniaes* face, whose mutuall eye
 Shot equall flames, and with the secret tye
 Of undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together
 Their yeelding hearts, their loves unknown to either:
 Both dearly lov'd: the more they strove to hide
 Their love, affection they the more descride.
*It lies beyond the power of art to smother
 Affection, where one vertue findes another:*
 One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
 And yet both lov'd, unknown; beloved, unknown:
 One was the *Dart*, that at the self same time
 Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:
 Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joi'd, both griev'd;
 Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd:
 Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none

But two in all, and yet that *all* but one.
 By this time had their barren lips betraid
 Their timorous silence; now they had displaid
 Loves sanguine colours, whilst the winged *Child*
 Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands; and smil'd
 To see the combat of two wounded friends.
 He strikes and wounds himselfe, while she defends
 That would be wounded, for her paine proceeds,
 And flowes from his, & from his wound, she bleeds;
 She plaies at him, and aiming at his brest,
 Pierc'd her owne heart: and when his hand addrest
 The blow to her faire bosome, there it found
 His owne deare heart, and gave that heart the wound:
 At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yeeld,
 Both lost the day, and yet both won the field:
 And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
 Their lips gave earnest of a joyfull peace.

*But O the hideous chances that attend
 A lovers progresse, to his journies end!
 How many desp'rate rubs, and dangers wait
 Each minute, on his miserable state!
 His hopes doe build, what straight his feares destroy:
 Sometimes, he surfeits with excesse of joy:
 Sometimes, despairing ere to find reliefe
 Herores beneath the tyranny of grieve;
 And when loves current runnes with greatest force,
 Some obvious mischiefe still disturbs the course:
 For lo, no sooner the discovered flame
 Of these new parted lovers did proclaime
 Loves sacred *Iubile*; but the Virgins Mother
 (The posture of whose visage did discover
 Some serious matter, harb'ring in her brest)
 Enters the roome: Halfe angry, halfe in Jest,*

Shee

Shee thus began : *My dearest childe, this night,
When as the silent darknesse did invite
Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possesse
My troubled minde, and rob'd me of my rest ;
I slept not, till the early bugle horne
Of Chaunticlere had summon'd in the Morne
T'attend the Light, and nurse the new born Day ;
At last, when Morpheus, with his leaden key
Had lockt my senses, and enlarg'd the power
Of my heaven-guided fancy, for an houre
I slumber'd ; and before my slumbring eyes,
One, and the selfe same dreame presented thrice ;
I wak'd ; and being frighted at the vision,
Perceiv'd the gods had made an apparition :
My dreame was this : Me thought I saw thee sitting
Drest like a princely Bride, with robes besfitting
The state of Majesty ; thy Nymph-like haire
Loosely disshewel'd ; and thy browes did beare
A Cypresse wreath ; and (thrice three moneths expir'd)
Thy pregnant womb grew heavy, and requir'd
Lucina's aid : with that, me thought I saw
A teame of harnest Peacocks fiercely draw
A fierie Chariot from the flitting skie,
Wherein there sate the glorious Majesty
Of great Saturnia, on whose traine attended
A hoast of Goddesses ; Juno descended
From out the flaming Chariot, and blest
Thy painfull womb : Thy paines a while encreast,
At length she laid her gentle palmes upon
Thy fruitfull flank, and there was borne a son :
She made thee mother of a smiling boy,
And, after, blest thee with a mothers joy,
She kist the Babe, whose fortune she foretold ;*

For

For on his head she set a crowne of Gold ;
Forthwith, as if the beavens had cloven in sunder,
Me thought I heard the horrid noise of thunder ;
The haile storm'd downe, and yet the skie was cleare,
Some hailstones that descended did appeare
As Orient pearles, some like refined gold ;
Whereat the goddesse turn'd, and said ; Behold,
Great Jove hath sent a gift : goe forth, and tak'e ;
Thus having spoke, she vanisht, and I wak'd :
I wak'd ; and waking, trembled ; for I knew
They were no idle passages, that grew
From my destempered thoughts : twas not a vaine
Delusion roving from a troubled braine ;
It was a vision ; and the gods forspake
Partheniaes fortune : Gods cannot mistake.
I lik'd the dreame ; wherein the heavens foretold
Thy joyfull mariage ; and the shower of gold
Betokened wealth, The Infants golden Crowne,
Ensuing honour : Junos comming downe,
A safe deliverance ; and the smiling Boy
Summ'd up the totall of a mothers joy :
But what the wreath of Cypresse (that was set
Upon the nuptiall browes) presag'd, as yet
The gods keep from me: if that secret doe
Portend an evill, heaven keep it from thee too.
Advise Parthenia : seeke not to withstand
The plot, wherein the gods vouchsafe a hand ;
Submit thy will to theirs ; what they enjoyne,
Must be ; nor lies it in my power, or thine
To contradict : Endeavour to fulfill
What, else, must come to passe against thy will,
Now by the filiall duty thou dost beare
The gods and me, or if ought else more deare

Can force obedience ; as thou hop'st to speed
At the gods hands, in greatest time of need ;
By heaven, by hell, by all the powers above,
I here conjure Parthenia to remove
All fond conceits, that labour to disjoyne
What heaven hath knit, Demagoras heart and thine ;
The gods are faithfull : and their wisdomes know
What's better for us mortals, then we doe ;
Doubt not (my child) the gods cannot deceive ;
What heaven does offer, feare not to receive
With thankfull hands : Passe not so slightly over
The deare affection of so true a lover ;
Pity his flames ; relieve his tortur'd brest,
That finds abroad no joy, at home no rest ;
But, like a wounded Hart before the hounds,
That flies, with Cupids javelin in his wounds :
Stir up thy rak't up embers of desire,
The Gods will bring in fewell, and blow the fire ;
Be gentle ; let thy cordiall smiles revive
His wasted spirits, that onely cares to live
To doe thee honour : It was Cupids will,
The Dart he sent, should onely wound, not kill ;
Yeeld then : and let th'engaged gods powre down
Their promis'd blessings on thy head, and crowne
Thy youth with joyes : and mayest thou after be
As blest in thine ; as I am blest in thee.

So said : the faire Parthenia, to whose heart
Her fixt desires had taught th'unwilling Art
Of disobedience, calls her judgment in ;
And, of two evils, determines it a sinne
More veniall, by a resolute deniall,
To prove undutifull, then be disloyall
To him, whose heart a sacred vow had tyde

So fast to hers; and (weeping) thus replied;

Madam,

*The angry gods have late conspir'd to show
The utmost their enraged hands could doe,
And having laid aside all mercy, stretch
Their power, to make one miserable wretch,
Whose curst and tortur'd soule must onely be
The subject of their wrath; and I am she.*

*Hard is the case! my deare desires must faile,
My vows must crack; my plighted faith be fraile;
Or else affection must be so exil'd
A mothers heart, that she renounce her child.*

And as she spake that word, a flowing tide
Of teares gusht out, whose violence deny'd
Th'intended passage of her doubling tongue:
She stopt a while, then on the floore she flung
Her prostrate body, while her hands did teare
(Not knowing what they did) her dainty haire;
Sometimes she struck the ground: sometimes her brest,
Began some words, and then wept out the rest;
At last, her livelesse hands did, by degrees,
Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,
And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon
Her mothers frowning visage, thus went on.

*Vpon these knees, these knees that ne'r were bent
To you in vaine: that never did present
Their unrewarded duty: never rose
Without a mothers blessing; upon those
Vpon those naked knees I recommend
To your deare thoughts, those torments that attend
Your poore Parthenia, whose unknowne distresse
Craves rather death, then language to expresse.
What shall I doe? Demagoras and Death*

Sound

Sound both alike to these sad eares ; that breath
 That names the one, does nominate the other :
 No, no, I cannot love him, my deare mother,
 Command Parthenia now to undergoe
 What death you please, and these quick hands shall shew
 The scale of my obedience in my heart :
 The gods themselves, that have a secret art
 To force affection, cannot violate
 The lawes of Nature, or the course of Fate.
 Can earth forget her burthen, and ascend ?
 Or can th' aspiring flames be taught to tend
 To th' earth ? If fire descend, and earth aspire,
 Earth were no longer earth, nor fire, fire :
 Even so, by nature, 'tis all one to me,
 To love Demagoras, and not to be :
 No, no, the heavens can doe no act that's greater,
 Then (having made so) to preserve their creature :
 And think you that the righteous gods will fill me
 With such false joyes, as (if enjoy'd) would kill me ?
 I know that they are mercifull, what they
 Command, they give a power to obey.
 The joyfull Vision that your stumbring eyes
 Of late beheld, did promise and comprise
 A fairer fortune, then the heavens can share
 The poore Partheniaes merit ; whom despaire
 Hath swallow'd : Your prophetick dreame describe
 A royall marriage ; pointed out the Bride ;
 Her safe deliverance ; and her smiling sonne ;
 Honour and wealth ; and after all was done,
 There wants a Bridegroom : him, the heavens have
 With my breast, by me, to be reveal'd ; (seal'd
 Which if your patience shall vouchsafe to heare,
 My lips shall recommend unto your eare.

When as Basilius (may whose royall hand
Long sway the Scepter of th' Arcadian Land)
From Cyprus brought his more then Princely Bride,
The faire Gynecia, (whom as Greece denide
An equall; so the world acknowledg'd none
As her superiour in perfection:)
Vpon this Ladies royall traine, and state,
A great concourse of Nobles did await,
And Cyprian Princes, with their Princely port
To see her crown'd in the Arcadian Court;
Illustrious Princes were they, but as farre
As midnight Phebe outshines a twinkling starre,
So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one
Surpast the rest, in honour and renown:
Whose perfect vertue findes more admiration
In the Arcadian Court, then imitation:
In th'ex'lence of his outward parts, and feature,
The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
Out-went it self: which being richly fraught
And furnisht with transcendent worth, is thought
To be the chosen fortresse for protection
Of all the Arts, and storehouse of perfection:
The Cyprus stock did ne'r, till now, bring forth
So rare a Branch, whose undervalued worth
Brings greater glory to the Arcadian Land,
Then can the dull Arcadians understand:
His name is Argalus:
He (Madam) was that Cypresse wreath, that crown'd
My nuptiall brows: And now the Bridegroom's found,
Cloath'd in the mystery of that Cypresse wreath;
Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath
Into my soule, O may I cease to be,
If sought but death part Argalus and me:

Yet does my safe obedience not withstand
What you desire, or what the gods command :
For what the gods command, is your desire
Parthenia should obey ; and not respire
Against their sacred counsels, or withstand
The plot, wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand :
We must submit our wills ; that they enjoyne,
Must be ; nor lies it in your power or mine,
To crosse: we must endeavour to fulfill
What else must come to passe against our will ;
My vov'es are past, and second heavens decree,
Nothing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said ; th' impatient mothers kindled eye
(Halfe closed with a murtherous frowne) let flye
A scorching fireball, from whence was shed
Some drops of choler ; sternly shakes her head ;
With trembling hands unlocks the doore, and flees,
Leaving Parthenia on her aking knees :
And as she fled, her fury thus began
To open, *And is Argalus the man ?*
But there she stops ; and striving to expresse
What rage had prompted, could doe nothing lesse.

*All you whose deare affections have been tost
In Cupids blanket, and unjustly crost
By wilfull Parents, whose extreame command
Have made you groane beneath their tyrannous hand,
That take a furious pleasure to divorce
Your soules from your best thoughts, (nay what is worse
Then torture) force your fancies to respect,
And dearely love, whom most you dis affect ;
Draw neare, and comfort the distressed heart
Of poore Parthenia ; let your eyes impart
One drop at least : And whosoe're thou be*

*That read'st these lines, may thy desires see
The like successe, if reading, thou forbear,
To wet this very paper with a teare.*

Behold (poore Lady) how an howers time
Hath pluck'd her faded roses from their prime,
Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes:
She, she, who hopefull thoughts had newly crown'd
With promis'd joyes, lies groveling on the ground;
Her weary hand sustaines her drooping head;

(Too soft a pillow for so hard a bed)

Her eyes swolne up, as loath to see the light,
That would discover so forelorne a sight:
The flaxen wealth of her neglected haire
Stick fast to her pale cheeks with dried teares;
And at first blush, she seemes, as if it were
Some curious statue on a Sepulchre:
Sometimes her brinie lips would whisper thus,

My Argalus, my dearest Argalus:

And then they clos'd againe, as if the one
Had kist the other, for that service done,
In naming *Argalus*: sometimes oppress'd
With a deepe sigh, she gave her fainting brest
A sudden stroke; and after that, another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother!*
And sick with her owne thoughts, her passion strove
Betwixt the two extreames of grieve, and love:
The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded;
The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
With desp'rate grieve: at length, the tyrannous force
Of love and grieve, sent forth this selfe-discourse:

*How art thou chang'd (Parthenia?) how hath passion
Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion?*

Exit'd

Exil'd thy little judgement, and betray'd thee
To thine owne selfe ? How nothing hath it made thee ?
How is thy weather-beaten soule opprest
With stormes and tempests blown from the Northeast
Of cold despaire ? which, long ere this, had found
Eternall rest ; had been overwhelmed and drown'd
In the deep gulf of all my miseries,
Had I not pump't this water from mine eyes ;
My Argalus ; O where, O where art thou ?
Thou little think'st thy poore Parthenia, now,
Is tortur'd for thy sake ; alas, (deare heart !)
Thou know'st not the unsufferable smart
I undergoe for thee : thou dost not keep
A Register of those sad teares I weep,
No, no, thou dost not.
Well, well ; from henceforth, Fortune, doe not spare
To doe the worst thy active mischiefe dare ;
Devise new torments, or repeat the old,
Vntill thou burst, or I complain : Be bold,
As bitter ; I disdain thy rage, thy power ;
Who's leuell'd with the earth, can fall no lower ;
Doe ; spit thy venome forth, and temper all
Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall :
Thy practis'd malice can no charme devise
Too sure, for Argalus to exercise ;
His love shall sweeten death, and make a torture
My sportfull pastime, to make hower shorter :
His love shall fill my heart, and leave no roome
wherein your rage may practise Martyrdome.

But ere that word could usher out another,
The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,
Enters the chamber ; with a chang'd aspect
Beholds Parthenia ; with a new respect

Salutes

Salutes her child, and (having clos'd the doore)
Her helpfull arme removes her from the floore
Whereon she lay; and, being set together,
In gentle termes, she thus did commune with her;

*Perverse Parthenia, Is thy heart so sworne
To Argalus his love, that it must scorne
Demagoras? Are your soules conjoyn'd so close,
That my entreaty may not enterpose?*

*If so, what help? yet let a mothers care
Be not contemn'd, that bids her childe beware.*

*The sickle that's too early, cannot reape
A fruitfull Harvest: looke before you leape:
Adjourne your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
You cannot measure vertue in a day;
Vertues appeare, but vices balke the light;
Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.*

*False are those joyes, that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire easily kindled, will not easily out:*

*Divide that love, which thou bestow'st on one,
Twixt two; try both; then take the best or none:
Consult with time: for time bewrayes, discovers
The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.*

*Acts done in hast, by leisure are repented,
And things, soone past, are oft too late lamented.*

With that Parthenia, rising from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply; *Madam, each severall day
Since first you gave this body being, may
Write a large volume of your tender care,
Whose hourelly goodnesse if it should compare
With my deserts, alas, the world would show
Too great a summe, for one poore heart to owe.*

I must confesse my heart is not so sworne

To Argalus his merit, as to scorne
Demagoras; nor yet so loosely tyde,
That I can slip the knot, and so divide
Entire affection, which must not be sever'd,
Nor ever can be (but in vaine) endeavour'd:
My heart is one, and by one power guided;
One is no number, cannot be divided:
And Cupids learned Schoolemen have resolv'd,
That love divided is but love dissolv'd;
But yet, what plighted faith and honour may
Not now undoe, your counsell shall delay.
Madam, Partheniaes hand is not so greedy,
To reape her corne, before her corne be ready:
Her unadvised sickle shall not thrust
Into her hopefull Harvest, ere needs must:
To yours, Parthenia shall submit her skill,
Whose season shall be season'd by your will:
Her time of harvest shall admit no measure
But onely what's proportion'd by your pleasure.

So ended she; But till that darknesse got
The mastery of the light, they parted not:
The mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord;
The daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
His very name, had not her mother spok't)
She pleads her vow, which cannot be revokt:
Yet still the mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard-hearted wit
Knowes to devise; perswades, allures, intreats,
Mingles her words with smiles, with teares, with threats,
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
Does th' utmost that a marble-breasted mother
Can doe; and yet the more she did apply,
The more she taught *Parthenia* to deny;

The more she did assault, the more contend ;
The more she taught the Virgin to defend :
At last, despairing (for her words did finde
More hopes to move a mountaine, then her minde)
She spake no more; but from her chaire she started,
And spit these words, *Goe peevish Girle*, and parted :
Away she flings, and finding no successe
In her lost words, her fury did addresse
Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot;
Actions must now enforce, what words could not.
Treason is in her thoughts; her furious breath
Can whisper now no language, under death ;
Poore *Argalus* must die, and his remove
Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love :
And till that barre be broken, or put by,
No hope to speed ; Poore *Argalus* must die.
Demagoras is call'd to councell now,
Consults, consents; and, after mutuall vow,
Resolving on the act, they both conspire
Which way to execute their close desire :
Drawing his keene *Steelette* from his side,
Madam (said he) *this medicine well applide*
To Argalus his bosome, will give rest
To him, and me; the sudden way is best.
My Lord; your trembling hand (said she) *may misse*
The marke, and then your selfe in danger is
Of out-cry; or perchance his owne resistance;
Attempts are dangerous, at so small a distance :
A Drugg's the better weapon, which does breath
Deaths secret errand, carries sudden death
Clos'd up in sweetnesse : Come, a drugg strikes sure,
And works our ends, and yet we sleepe secure ;
My Lord, bethinke no other ; Set your rest

Vpon

*Vpon these Cards; the surest way is best :
Leave me to manage our successfull plot,
And if these studious browes contrive it not
Too sure for art of Magick to prevent,
Ne'r trust a womans wit when fully bent
To take revenge: Be gone, my Lord; Repose
The trust in me : Onely be wise, be close.*

That night, when as the universall shade
Of the unspangled heaven, and earth, had made
An utter darknesse ; (darknesse, apt to further
The horrid enterprife of rapes, and murther)
Shee, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
A full revenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,
(*Partheniaes* handmaid) whom she thus bespake :

*Athleia, dare thy private thoughts partake
With mine? Canst thou be secret? Has thy heart
A lock, that none can pick by theevish art,
Or breake by force? tell me, canst thou digest
A secret, trusted to thy faithfull breast?*

*Madam, (said she) Let me be never true
To my owne thoughts, if ever false to you :
Speake what you please ; Athleia shall conceale ;
Torments may make me roare, but ne'r reveale.*

Replyde the Lady then : *Athleia knowes
How much, how much my deare affection owes
Partheniaes heart, whose welfare is the crowne
Of all my ioyes, which now is overthrowne
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
If thou betray the secret of my trust,
It lyeth in thy power to remove
Approaching evils : Parthenia is in love :
Her wasted spirits languish in her brest,
And nought, but look'd for death can give her rest ;*

*Tis Argalus she loves ; who with disdain
 Requites her love, not loving her againe ;
 He slightes her teares : the more that he neglects,
 The more entirely shee (poore soule) affects :
 Shee groanes beneath the burthen of despaire,
 And with her sighes she cloyes the idle ayre :
 Thou art acquainted with her private feares,
 And you, so oft exchanging tongues and teares,
 Must know too much, for one poore heart t'endure ;
 But desperate's the wound admits no Cure:
 It lies in thee to helpe : Athleia, say,
 Wilt thou assist me, if I find the way ?*

*Madam, my forced ignorance shall be
 Sufficient earnest for my secrecy :
 Your lips have utter'd nothing that is new
 To' Athleias eares : Alas, it is too true :
 Long, long ere this, your servant had reveal'd
 The same to you, had not these lips been seal'd :
 But if my best endeavours may extend
 To bring my Ladies sorrowes to an end,
 Let all th' enraged Deities allot
 To me worse torment, If I doe it not :
 My life's too poore to hazard for her ease ;
 Madam, Ile doe't, Command me what you please.
 So said, The treacherous Lady stept aside,
 Into her serious closet, and applide
 Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
 This forged Letter, in Partheniaes name.*

To her faithfull Argalus.

Although the malice of a mother
 Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
 What my desire is, should flames;
 yet Parthenia's the same.

Al-

*Although my fire be hid a while,
Tis but fire slack'd with oyle :
Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
It shall burne, and blaze withall.*

*What I send thee, drinke with speed,
Else let my Argalus take heed ;
Vnlesse thy providence withstand,
There is treason neere at hand ;
Drinke as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee
From future dangers ; or from past, recure thee.*

Thy constant Parthenia.

*This done, and seal'd, she op'd her private doore,
Call'd in Athleia, and said; For every sore
The gods provide a salve; Force must prevaile
Where sighes and teares, and deepe entreaties faile.
Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she tooke
A little glasse, and said; Athleia, looke
Within these slender wals, these glazed lists,
Partheniaes happinesse, and life consists;
It is Nepenthe; which the factious gods
Doe use to drinke, when ere they be at ods;
Whose secret vertue (so insus'd by Iove)
Does turne deepe hatred, into dearest love ;
It makes the proudest lover whine and baule,
And such to dote, as never lov'd at all ;
Here, take this glasse, and recommend the same
To Argalus in his Partheniaes name,
And to his hand, to his owne hand commit
This Letter, Betweene Argalus and it
Let no eye come: Be sure thy speed prevent
The rising Sun: and so heavens crowne th'event;
By this, the feather'd Belman of the night*

Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
All eyes to slumber; when they both addrest
Their thoughtfull minds, to take a doubtfull rest.

O heavens ! and you, O you celestiall powers,
That never slumber, but imploy all howers
In mans protection ; still preserving, keeping
Our soules from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping,
O, can your all-discerning eyes behold
Such impious actions prosper uncontroll'd ?
O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To see your servant (that now sleeps secure,
Vnarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
But your protection, and his innocence)
Betray'd and murther'd, drawing at one breath
His owne prepar'd destruction, his owne death ?
And will ye suffer't ? He that is the crowne
Of prized vertue, honour and renowne ;
The flower of Arts; the Cyprian living story ;
Arcadias Girland, and great Greeces glory ;
The earths new wonder, and the worlds example,
Must dye betray'd; treason and death must trample
Vpon his life; and, in the dust must lie
As much admir'd perfection, as can die.
No, Argalus, the coward hand of death
Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath
The Mask of love : thou art above the reach
Of open wrongs ; mans force could ne'r make breach
Into thy life : no, Death could ne'r uncase
Thy soule, had she appeared face to face.
Dreame, Argalus, and let thy thoughts be troubled
With murthers, treasons, let thy dreames be doubled :
And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,
Be wisely superstitious, and beleewe.

O, that my lines could wake thee now, and sever
 Those eye-lids, that ere long must sleep for ever:
 Wake now or never Argalus, and withstand
 Thy danger: Wake, the murthereffe is at hand:
 Parthenia, oh Parthenia, who shall weepe
 Thy world of teares? Canst thou, O canst thou sleepe?
 Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to slumber?
 Does nothing trouble thee? no dreame incumber
 Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus so neare
 His latest hower? Not one dreaming teare?
 Sleepe on: and when thy flattering slumber's past,
 Perchance, thine eyes will learne to weepe as fast:
 His death is plotted; And this morning light
 Must send him downe, into eternall night:
 Nay what is worse then worst; His dying breath
 Will censure thee, as Agent in his death.

By this, the broad-fac'd Quirister of night
 Surceas'd her screeching note, and tooke her flight
 To the next neighbouring Ivy: Birds and beasts
 Forsake the warme protections of their neasts,
 And nightly dens, whilst darknesse did display
 Her sable curtaines to let in the day;
 When sad *Athleia's* dreame had unbenighted (ted;
 Her slumbering eyes, her busie thoughts were frigh-
 She rose, and trembled; and being halfe distraught
 With her prophetick feares, she thus bethought:

What ayle the gods, thus to disturbe my rest,
 And make such earthquakes in my troubled breast?
 Nothing but death, and murders? Graves and Bells,
 Frightning my fancy, with their bourelly knells?
 Twas nothing but a dreame; and dreames they say,
 Expound themselves the cleane contrary way
 The riddle's read; and now I understand

My dreames intents : Some marriage is at hand :
 For death interpreted is nothing else
 But Mariage; And the melancholy Bells
 Is mirth and musicke : By the grave, is read
 The joyfull, joyfull, joyfull marriage bed :
 I, it is plaine: And now, me thinks 'twas I
 That my prophetick dreame foretold, should dye :
 If this be death, Death exercise thy power,
 And let Athleia die within this houre :
 Doe, doe thy worst; Athleia's faithfull breath
 Shall pray for nothing more then sudden death.
 But stay, Athleia, the too forward day
 Begins to gild the East; away, away.

So having said, the nimble fingered Lasse
 Tooke the forg'd letter, and the amorous glasse:
 And, to her early progresse she applies her;
 Departs, and towards Argalus she hies her;
 But every step she tooke, her mind enforc'd
 New thoughts, and with her self she thus discours'd :

How fraile's the nature of a womans will !
 How crosse ! The thing that's most forbidden, still
 They more desire ; and least inclinde, to do
 What they are most of all perswaded to :
 Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,
 Athleia ne'r had struggled with her bands:
 I must not taste it ! Had she not enjoyn'd
 My lips from tasting it, Athleia's minde
 Had never thought on't; now me thinks I long ;
 Desires, if once confinde, become too strong
 For womans conquer'd reason to resist ;
 A womans reason's measur'd by her list :
 I long to tast : yet was there nothing did
 Move my desire, but that I was forbid.

With

With that, she staid her weary steps, and hasted
T'untie the glasse; lift up her arme, and tasted;
That done (and having now attain'd, almost,
Her journeys end) the little time she lost,
New speed regaines; The nimble ground she traces
With double haste, and quick redoubled paces.
All on a sudden she begins to faint;
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint;
Her blistred tongue growes hot, her liver glowes;
Her veines doe boile, her colour comes and goes:
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:
Swels like a bladder, roares, and bursts, and dies.

Thus from her ruine *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
Such morning draughts, to those that love thee not:
Live long; and let the righteous powers above,
That have preserv'd thee for *Parthenias* love,
Crowne all thy hopes, and fortunes, with event
Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.

By this time, did the lavish breath of *Fame*
Give language to her *Trumper*, and proclaime
Athleias death; the current of which newes
Truths warrant had forbidden to abuse
Deceived eares: which when the *Lady* heard,
Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertaine a murther, she arose,
And with rude violence desperately throwes
Her trembling body on the naked floore,
But what she said, and did, I will deplore,
Not utter; but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the faire *Parthenia's* mother:
May it suffice, that the extreames of shame,

And unresisted sorrow overcame
Her disappointed malice, lesse lamenting
The treason, than successe; and more repenting
Of what she fail'd to doe, than what she did,
Her fullen soule despaires; her thoughts forbid
What reason wants the power to perswade;
And griefes being growne too deep for her to wade,
She sinkes; and with a hollow sigh, she cried,
Welcome thou easer of all evils, and died.

Now tongues begin to walke; and every care
Hath got the *Saturyasis* to heare
This tragick Scene: the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
Feares no repulse, and scornes to be controll'd:
Whilst lowd report, (whose tender lips, before,
Durst onely whisper) now begins to roare;
The letter, found in dead *Athleias* breast,
Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was guest,
Is now confirm'd, and clea'd: for all men knew
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

*But have we lost Parthenia? In what Isle
Of endlesse sorrow lurks she all this while?
Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for feare
Thy heart dissolve, and melt into a teare:
Excuse my silence: If my line should speake,
Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would breake.
No, leave her to her selfe: It is not fit
To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit:
I leave this task to those, that take delight,
To see poore Ladies tortur'd in despight
Of all remorse; whose hearts are still at strife
To paint a torment to the very life:
I leave that task to such, as have the power
To weep, and smile againe within an houre:*

To those whose flinty hearts are more contented
To limme a grieve, than pitie the tormented :
Let it suffice, that had not heaven protected
Her Argalus, the joy whereof corrected
That furious grieve, which passion recommended
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.

When Time (the enemy of Fame) had clos'd
Her babling lips, and gently had compos'd
Partheniaes sorrowes, raising from the ground
Her body spent with grieve, and almost drown'd
In her owne teares ; a long expected Sceane
Of better fortune enters in : to dreane
Her marish eyes : her stormy night of teares
Being past, a welcome day of joy appeares :
The rock's remov'd, and Loves wide Ocean now
Gives roome enough ; lookes with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy sorrowes ; Let thine eare
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to heare :
A lovers diet's sweet, commixt with sower ;
His hell and heaven oft-times divides an houre.

Now Argalus can finde a faire accessse
To his Parthenia : now, feares nothing lesse
Than eares and eyes ; and now Partheniaes heart
Can give her tongue the freedome, to impart
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
Can looke her fill, and feare no stander by :
She's not Parthenia, he not present with her ;
And he not Argalus, if not together : (chat ;
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles ; their tōgues with
Now, this they make their subject ; and now, that :
One while they laugh ; and laughing, wrangle too,
And jarre, as jealous lovers use to doe ;
And then a kisse must make them friends againe :

Faith, one's too little ; Lovers must have twaine ;
 Two brings in ten, Ten multiplies to twenty :
 That, to a hundred : then because the plenty
 Growes troublesome to count, and does incumber
 Their lips, their lips gave kisses without number ;
 Their thoughts run back to former times : they told
 Of all loves passages they had of old :
 Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why ;
 The manner how, and who were present by ;
 The mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspicion ;
 Her baited words, her marble disposition ;
 His pining thoughts, and her projecting feares ;
 His soliloquies, and her secret teares ;
 Where first they met ; Th'occasion of their meeting ;
 Their complement, the manner of their greeting :
 His danger ; his deliverance ; and the reason
 That first induc't the *Agents* to the treason.
 Thus by the priviledge of time and leisure, (sure
 Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutuall plea-
 Commixt with grieve) they equall with the light,
 And after, grumble at the envious night,
 Which bid them part too soone : what day denide
 In words, in thoughts the tedious night supplide,
 Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
 To make the day so short, the night so long.

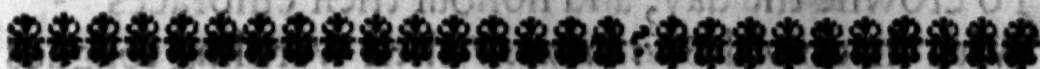
But now the little winged god repented
 That he had laught so much ; his heart relented ;
 His very soule grew sad ; his blinded eye
 Began to weep at his owne tyranny ;
 Laments their sorrowes ; findes a secret way,
 To make the night as pleasing as the day ;
 Calls *Hymen* in, and in his eare discovers
 The lingering torments of these wounded Lovers :

Gives

Gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
 T'engrosse their names within his *Register*,
 And now *Partheniaes* harvest draweth neare;
 (The dearly purchas'd price of many a teare)
 Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sowne;
 The time's appointed, and the daye's set downe,
 Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his Nuptiall bands,
 Shall joyne together their espoused hands.

Here stop my *Muse*: retire thy selfe and stay,
 To gather breath against the *Marriage day*.

Readers, the joyfull Bride salutes ye all:
In her behalfe, if any have let fall
A tender reare, to those she makes request,
That they'l be pleas'd to grace her Marriage feast.



ARGALVS

AND

PARTHENIA.

The Second Booke.

SAile gentle *Pinace*: Now the heavens are clear,
 The winds blow fair: Behold the harbor's neer,
 Frighted *Neptune* hath forgot to frowne,
 The rocks are past: The storme is overblowne.
 Up weather-beaten voyagers and rouse yee,
 Forsake your loathed *Cabbins*: up and rouse yee
 Upon the open decks, and smell the land:
 Cheare up: the welcome shoare is nigh at hand:

Saile, gentle *Pinace* with a prosperous gale,
 To th' Ile of *Peace*: Saile, gentle *Pinace*, saile;
 Fortune conduct thee; Let thy keele divide
 The silver streames, that thou maist safely slide
 Into the bosome of thy quiet *Key*,
 And quite thee fairly of th'injurious *Sea*.

*Great Sea-born Queen, thy birthright gives thee power
 T'assist poore suppliants, grant one happy bower;
 O, let these wounded Lovers be possesst,
 At length, of their so long desired rest.*

Now, now the joyfull mariage day drawes on;
 The *Bride* is busie, and the *Bridegroom's* gone
 To call his fellow *Princes* to the feast;
 The *Garland's* made; the bridall chamber's drest;
 The *Muses* have consulted with the *Graces*,
 To crowne the day, and honour their embraces
 With shadow'd *Epithalmes*: their warbling tongues
 Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* songs;
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
 And *Bacchus* laughs to thinke upon the day;
 The virgin-tapors, and what other rights
 Doe appertaine to *Nuptiall* delights,
 Are all prepar'd, whereby may be exprest
 The joyfull triumph of this mariage feast.

But stay! who lends me now an iron pen,
 T'engrave within the marble hearts of men
 A tragick sceane; which whosoe'r shall reade,
 His eyes may spare to weepe, and learne to bleed
 Carnatian teares: If time shall not allow
 His death-prevented eyes to weepe enow,
 Then let his dying language recommend
 What's left, to his posterity to end.

Thou saddest of all Muses, come, afford

Thy

*Thy studious helpe, that each confounding word
May rend a heart (at least;) that every line
May pickle up a kingdome in the brine
Of her owne teares: O teach me how t'extract
The spirit of griefe, whose vertue may distract
Those breasts, which sorrow knowes not how to kill,
Inspire, O inspire my melting Quill;
And like sad Niobe, let every one
That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone:
Teach me to paint an oft-repeated sigh
So to the life, that whosoe'r be nigh,
May heare it breathe, and learne to doe the like
By imitation, till true passion strike
Their bleeding hearts: Let such as shall rehearse
This story, haue like Irish at a herse.*

Th'event still crownes the act: Let no man say,
Before the evening's come, Tis a faire day:
For when the *Kalends* of this bridall feast
Were entred in, and every longing breast
Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
Were growne impatient now, to be suffic'd
With that, which *Art* and *Honour* had devis'd
T'adorne the times withall, and to display
Their bounty, and the glory of that day,
The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion
To blesse her busie thoughts, with contemplation
Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
Made minutes seeme as dayes, and every day
A measur'd age; into her secret bower
Betooke her weary steps, where every hower
Her greedy eares expect to heare the summe
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.

She hopes, she feares at once ; and still she muses
 What makes him stay so long ; she chides, excuses ;
 She questions, answers, and she makes reply,
 And talkes, as if her *Argalus* were by ;
Why com'st thou not ? Can Argalus forget
His languishing Parthenia ? What not yet ?
 But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
 Which seem'd as if it were the whispering voice
 Of close conspiracy : she began to feare
 She knew not what, till her deceived eare
 (Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
 The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout ;
 Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare,
 By stealth to seaze upon her unaware :
 She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
 Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not ;
 Like as yong Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken
 The warme protection of their nest, or taken
 Upon themselves, a selfe-providing care,
 To shift for food, but with paternall fare
 Grow fat and plump) thinke every noise they heare,
 Their full cropt parents are at hand to cheare
 Their craving stomacks ; whilst th' impatient fist
 Of the false Cater, rising where it list,
 In every hole, surprises them, and sheds
 Their guiltlesse blood, and parts their gasping heads
 From their vaine strugling bodies ; so, even so,
 Our poore deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
 Too much to her owne hopes) the whilst her eyes
 Were set to welcome the unvalued prize
 Of all her joyes, her dearest *Argalus*,
 Stept in *Demagoras*, and salutes her thus :
Base trull, Demagoras comes to let thee see,

How

How much he scornes thy painted face, and thee;
Foule Sorceresse! Could thy prosperous actions think
To scape revenge, because the gods did wink
At thy designs? Think'st thou thy mothers blood
Cryes in a language, not to be understood?
Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd lust, but by the savage murder
Of thine owne aged parent, whose sad death
Must give a freedom to the whispering breath
Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer? who (they say)
Will cloake thy whoredome with a marriage day;
Nay struggle not, here's none that can reprieve
Such pounded beasts; It is in vaine to strive,
Or roare for helpe; Why dost not rather weepe
That I may laugh? Perchance, if thou wilt creepe
Vpon thy wanton belly, and confesse
Thy selfe a true repentant Murtheresse,
My sinfull Page may play the foole, and gather
Thy early fruit into his barne, and father
The new-got Cyprian bastard, if that he
Be halfe so wise, that got it, but to flee:
Hah! dost thou weepe? or doe false mistis but mock
Abused eyes? from so obdure a rock
Can water flow? Weeping will make thee faire;
Weepe till thy marriage day; that who repaire
To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirror, see what teares can doe.
Vile strumpet! did thy flattering thoughts ere wrong
Thy judgement so; to think, Demagoras tongue
Could so defile his honour, as to sue
For serious love? so base a thing as you
(Me thinks) should rather fixe your wanton eyes
Vpon some easie groome, that hopes to rise

H

Into

Into his Masters favour, for your sake ;
 I, this had been preferment, like to make
 A hopefull fortune : thou presumptuous trash !
 What was my courtship, but the minutes dash
 Of youthfull passion, to allay the dust
 Of my desires, and exuberous lust ?
 I scorne thee to the soule, and here I stand
 Bound for revenge, whereto I set my hand.

With that, he grip'd her rudely by the faire
 And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like haire ;
 And, by it, dragd her on the dusty floore :
 He stopt her mouth, for feare she should implore
 An aid from heaven, she sounding in the place,
 His salvage hands besmear'd her livelesse face
 With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
 He left her breathlesse, and away he fled.

Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,
 Infernall Harpies, or what else, inherits
 The land of darknesse ; you, that still converse
 With damned soules ; you, you that can rehearse
 The horrid facts of villaines, and can tell
 How every hell-hound lookes, that roares in hell,
 Survey them all ; and, then, informe my pen,
 To draw in one, the monster of all men ;
 Teach me to limme a villaine, and to paint,
 With dextrous art, the basest Sycophant
 That ere the mouth of insolent disdain
 Vouchsaf'd to spit upon ; the putrid blaine
 Of all diseased humours, fit for none
 But dogs to lift their hasty legs upon.
 So cleare mens eyes, that whosoe'r shall see
 The type of basenesse, may cry, This is he
 Let his reproach be a perpetuall blot

*In Honours booke : Let his remembrance rot
 In all good minds : Let none but villaines call
 His bugbeare name to memory, wherewithall
 To fright their bawling bastards : Let no spell
 Be found more potent, to prevaile in hell,
 Then the nine letters of his charme-like name :
 Which, let our bashfull Chris-crosse row disclaime
 To the worlds end, not worthy to be set
 In any but the Iewish Alphabet.*

But harke ! Am I deceiv'd : or doe I heare
 The voice of *Arg' lus* sounding in mine eare ?
 He calls *Parthenia* : no, that tongue can be
 No counterfeit : He's come : tis he, tis he.
 Welcome too late, that art now come too soone :
 Hadst thou bin here, this deed had ne'r bin done.
 Alas ! when lovers linger, and out-goe
 Their promis'd date, they know not what they doe :
 Men fondly say, that women are too fond
 At parting ; to require so strict a bond
 For quick returne : Poore soules ! tis they indure
 Oft-times the danger of the forfeiture :
 I blame them not : for mischief still attends
 Upon the too long absence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seekes about
 In every roome to finde *Parthenia* out :
 He asks, enquires, but all lips are sparing
 To be the authours of ill newes, not daring
 To speake the truth : they all amazed stand :
 And now my Lord's as fearefull to demand ;
 Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad eare
 Should heare such words, as he's afraid to heare :
 All lips are bolted with a linnen barre,
 And every eye does, like a blazing starre,

Portend some evill; no language findes a leake:
 The lesse they speake, the more he feares to speake.
 Faces grow sad, and every private care
 Is turn'd a *Closet* for the whisperer;
 He walks the roome; and like an unknowne stranger,
 They eye him: from each eye, he picks a danger.
 At last, his lips not daring to importune
 What none dare tell him, unexpected fortune
 Leads his rash steps into a darkned roome,
 A place more black than night: no sooner come,
 But he was welcom'd with a sigh, as deepe,
 As a spent heart can give: he heard one weepe,
 And by the noyse of groanes and sobs, was led
 (Having no other guide) to the sad bed.

*Who is't (said he) that calls untimely night
 To hide those griefes that thus abjure the light?
 With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
 She past a sigh, and said, O ask not who.
 Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply
 To your demand: Alas! it is not I.
 Not I (said he?) what language doe I heare?
 Darknesse may stop mine eye, but not mine eare:
 It is my deare Parthenia's voice, ah me!
 And can Parthenia, not Parthenia be?
 What meanes this word, (Alas! It is not I?)
 What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny
 Thy selfe? or what can Argalus then claime,
 If his Parthenia be not the same
 She was? Alas, it seemes to me all one
 To say, Thou art not hers, that's not her owne:
 Can hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly
 Like wandring Atomes, in the empty sky?
 Or can the heavens (growne idle) not fulfill*

Their

*Their certaine revolutions, but stand still,
And leave their constant motion for the winde
T'inherit? Can Parthenia change her minde?
Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and earth remove,
E're my Parthenia falsifie her love:
Unfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
Those lips should say, (Alas! It is not I.)*

*Whereto she thus reply'd; O doe not thou
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t'allow,
That cursed name a roome within thy brest,
Let not so foule a prodigy be blest
With thy lost breath; Let it be held a sin,
Too great for pardon, ere to name't agen;
Let darknesse hide it in eternall night;
May it be clad with horror, to affright
A desp'rate conscience; He that knowes not how
To mouth a curse, O let him practice now
Vpon this name; Let him that would contract
The body of all mischiefe, or extract
The Quint'essence of a sorrow, onely claime
A secret priviledge to use that name:
Far be it from thy language, to commit
So foule a sin, as once to mention it:
Live happy Arg'lus; doe not thou partake
In these my miseries: O forbear to make
My burden greater, by thy tender sorrow;
Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow
Thy needlesse helpe: O be not thou so cruell,
To feed my flaming fires with thy fuell;
Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart
T'surp my stage, and act Parthenia's part?
It is my proper task: What dost thou meane,
Without my licence, to intrude my Seene?*

Alas! thy sorrowes ease not my distresse;
God knowes, I weep not one poore teare the lesse:
My Patent's sign'd and past, whereby appears
That I have got the Monopoly of teares.
In me let each mans torment finde an end:
I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend:
Let all spent mourners, that can weepe no more,
Take teares on trust, and set them on my score.
And as she spake that word, his heart not able
To beare a language so unsufferable,
But being swolne so big, must either breake,
Or vent, his conquer'd reason grew too weak
T'oppose his quickned passion (like a man
Transported from himselfe) he thus began:

Accursed darknesse! thou sad type of death!
Infernall Hagge, whose dwelling is beneath!
What meanes thy boldnesse to usurp this roome,
And force a night, before the night become?
Get, get thee downe and keep within thy lists;
Goe revell there; and hurle thy hideous mists
Before those cursed eyes, that take delight
In utter darknesse, and abhor the light;
Returne thee to thy dungeon, whence thou came,
And hide those faces, whose infernall flame
Cals for more darknesse, and whose tortur'd soules
Crave the protection of th'obscurest holes,
To scape some lashes, and avoid those strict
And horrid plagues, the Furies doe inflict:
But if thou needs must ramble here, above;
Goe to some other Clymate, and remove
Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,
That hate thy tyranny: Goe exercise
Thy power in Groves, and solitary Springs,

Where

Where Bats are subjects, and where Owles are kings;
 Go to the graves, and fill those empty roomes,
 That such as slumber in their silent tombes
 May blesse thy welcome shades, and lie possesse
 Of undisturbed and eternall rest:
 Or if thy more ambitious fogs desire
 To haunt the living, haste thee, and retire
 Into some Cloyster, and there stand betweene
 The light, and those that faine would sin, unscene;
 Assist them there; and let thy ugly shapes,
 Count'nance close treasons, and incestuous rapes;
 Benight those roomes; and aid all such as feare
 The eye of heaven: Goe, close thy curtaines there,
 We need thee not (foule witch) away, away;
 Thou hid'st more beauty then the noone of day
 Can give; O thou that hast so rudely hurl'd
 On this dark bed, the glory of the world.

So said, abruptly he the roome departs,
 His cheeks look pale, his curled haire upstarts
 Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
 Quick flashes like the flames of lightning flye;
 He calls for light; the light no sooner come;
 But his owne hand conveys it to the roome
 From whence he came, and as he entred in
 He blest himselfe; he blest himselfe againe,
 Thrice did he blesse himselfe, and after said,

Foule witch, be gone, and let thy dismall shade,
 Forsake this place; Let thy darke fogs obey
 Great Vulcans charge; in Vulcans name, away;
 Or if thy stout rebellion shall disclaime
 His soverainety, in my Partheniaes name
 I charme thee hence. And as that word flew out,
 He steps to that sad bed, where round about,

Clos'd

Clos'd were the curtaines, as if darknesse did
 Command that such a jewell should be hid:
 His left hand held the tapour, and his right
 Enforc'd the curtaines, to absolve the light:
 Which done, appear'd before his wondring eye
 The truest portrait of deformity
 As ere the Sun beheld: That lovely face
 That was, of late, the modell of all grace
 And peerlesse beauty, whose imperious eyes
 Ravisht where ere they lookt, and did surprise
 The very soules of men; she, she of whom
 Nature her selfe was proud, is now become
 So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguis'd,
 As darknesse, for mans sake, was well advis'd
 To clothe in mists, lest any were incited
 To see that face, and so depart affrighted.
 All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
 It was no dreame, he fell upon the ground,
 And rav'd, and rose agen, stood still and gaz'd;
 At first he startled, then he stood amaz'd;
 Lookes now upon the light, and now on her,
 One while his tired fancy does refer
 His thoughts to silence; as his thoughts increase,
 His passion strives for vent, and breaks that peace
 Which conquer'd Reason had of late concluded,
 And thus began; *Are these false eyes deluded?*
Or have enchanted mists stept in betweene
My abused eyes, and what my eyes have seene?
No, mischief cannot act so faire a part,
I affright in jest; it goes beyond the art
Of all black books, to mask with such disguise,
So sweet a face; I know, that these are eyes,
And this a light; False mists could never be

Betwixt

Betwixt my poore Parthenia, and me.

*Accursed Tapour ! what infernall spright
Breath'd in thy face ? what fury gave thee light !
Thou impe of Phlegeton ; who let thee in
To force a day, before the day begin ?
Who brought thee hither ? I ? did I ? From whom,
What leane chapt fury did I snatch thee from ?
When as this cursed hand did goe about
To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out ?
Be all such Tapours cursed, for thy sake ;
Ne'r shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake ;
Be never seene, but when as sorrow calls
Thy needfull help to nightly funerals ;
Be as a May game for th' amazed Bat
To sport about ; and Owles, to wonder at :
Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,
To fright the Sexton from his passing Bell :
Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
In their dark-lanterns : Let all mirth forbid
Thy treacherous flames the roome : and if that none
Shall deigne to put thee out, goe out alone ;
Attend some misers table, and then waste
Too soone, that he may curse thee for thy haste ;
Burne dimme for ever : Let that flatt'ring light
Thou feed'st, consume thy stock : be banisht quite
From Cupids Court : When lovers goe about
Their stolen pleasures, let your flames goe out :
Henceforth be usefull to no other end,
But onely to burne day-light, or attend
The mid-night cups of such as shall resigne,
With usury, their indigested wine :
Why dost thou burne so cleare ? Alas ! these eyes
Discerne too much : thy wanton blaze doth rise*

Too high a pitch : thou burnst too bright for such
 As see no comfort : O thou shin'st too much :
 Why dost thou vex me ? Is thy flame so stout
 T'endure my breath ? this breath shall puffe thee out :
 Thus, thus my joyes are quite extinguisht, never
 To be reviv'd : Thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, transported with a furious haste,
 He blew it out : but marke, that very blast
 (As if it meant, on purpose, to disclaime
 His desp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th'extinguisht flame.
 He stands amaz'd ; and, having mus'd a while,
 Beholds the Tapour, and begins to smile.

And can the gods themselves (said he) contrive
 A way for hope ? Can my past joyes revive,
 Like this rekindled fier ? If they doe,
 I'le curse my lips (bright Lamp) for cursing you.
 Eternall fates ! Deale fairely ; dally not :
 If your hid bounties have reserv'd a lot
 Beyond my wained hope ; be it exprest
 In open view ; make haste, and doe your best :
 But if your justice be determin'd so
 To exercise your vengeance on my wo,
 Strengthen not what at length you meane to burst ;
 Strike home betimes ; dispatch, and doe your worst :
 That burthen is too great for him to beare,
 Thats evenly poised betwixt hope and feare.

And there he stopt ; as fearing to molest
 The silent peace of her dissembled rest.
 He gaz'd upon her ; stood as in a trance ;
 Sometimes her livelesse hand he would advance
 To his sad lips ; then steale it downe agen ;
 Sometimes, a teare would fall upon't ; and then
 A sigh must drie it ; Every kisse did beare

A sigh, and every sigh begat a teare:
 He kist, he sigh'd, he wept, and, for a space,
 He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
 And in a whispering language, he disburs'd
 His various thoughts; thus, with himselfe discours'd.

*And were the Sun-beames of those eyes too fierce
 For mortall view? Or did those fires disperse
 Flames too consuming for th' amaz'd beholder?
 Or did thy youth make treason e're the bolder
 To staine that brow; and by a midnight theft,
 To steale more beauty, then the day had left?*

*Or did that blinde, that childish god discry
 A kinde of twilight from that heavenly eye,
 Which, over-bright, he sought to make more dim
 By blurring that, which else, had blasted him?*

*Or did the Sea-borne Goddesse Queene repine
 To see her star so much out-shone by thine;
 And fild with rage, and envious despight,
 Sent downe a cloud i' eclipse so faire a light?*

*Or did the wiser Deities foresee
 This likely danger; that when men should see
 So bright a Lampe; fearing they should commit
 Such sweet Idolatry, benighted it?*

*Or did the too too carefull gods conspire
 A good for man, transcending mans desire,
 And knowing such an eye too bright for any,
 Gave it a wound, lest it should wound too many?
 If so they meant, they might have bin more kinde
 To save that beauty, and have struck us blinde.*

Before the sound of his last breath was gone,
 (Her speech being marshall'd with a powerfull groan
 Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
 Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue

Wept forth these words ; *Thus fleet, thus transitory*
Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
Poore earth can give ; Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beauty,
Can quit that debt, that necessary duty,
They owe to Change and Time ; but like a flowre,
They flowrish now, and fade within an howre ;
The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing stayer
At the same point, all alters, all decays :
The world is like a Play, where every age
Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage ;
And when Times hasty hower-glasse is run,
Change strikes the Epilogue, and the Play is done.
Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,
Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not :
Whose beauty was ador'd or'e night, next morning
May finde a face, like mine, not worth the scorning :
Looke where we list, there's nothing to the eye
Seemes truely constant, but Inconstancy.

Most deare Parthenia, (Argalus reply'd)
Had thy deceived eye but stept aside,
And lookt upon thy Argalus his brest ;
I know, I know, thy language had profest
Another faith : thy lips had ne'r let flye,
At unawares, so great an Heresie :
Tis not the change of favour, that can change
My heart ; nor Time, nor Fortune can estrange
My best affections, so for ever fixt
On thee ; nothing but death, can come betwixt
My soule, and thine ; If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone ; my fancy had given place,
Ere this, to fresh desiers, and attended
Vpon new fortunes ; and the old had ended.
If I had lov'd thee, for thy heavenly eye,

I might have courted the bright Majesty
Of Titan: If thy curious lips had snar'd
My lick'rish thoughts, I might have soone prepar'd
A blushing Currall, or some full ripe Cherry,
And pleas'd my lips, untill my lips were weary;
Or if the smoothnesse of thy whiter brow
Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy bow
To outward objects, polish'd Marble might
Have given as much content, as much delight;
In briefe, had Argalus his flatter'd eye
Bin pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
Thy curious picture might have then supply'd
My wants, more full, then all the world beside;
No, no; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
Nor any outward ex'lence arg'd me, why
To love Parthenia: 'twas thy better parts,
(Which mischiefe could not wrong,) surpris'd my heart.
Thy beauty was but like a Chrystall case,
Through which, the jewell of admired grace
Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
Me love the Casket for the jewels sake;
No, no; my well advised eye pierc'd in
Beyond the filme; sunke deeper then the skin;
Else, had I now been chang'd, and that firme duty
I owe my vowe, had faded with thy beauty;
Nay, weepe not my Parthenia; let those teares
Ne'r waile that losse, which a few after yeares
Had claim'd as due; Cheare up, thou hast forsaken
But that, which sicknesse would (perchance) have taken,
With greater disadvantage; or else age,
That common evill, which art cannot assuage;
Beauty's but bare opinion: White and Red
Have no more priviledge, then what is bred

By humane fancy, which was nere confinde
 To certaine bounds, but varies like the winde;
 What one man likes, another disrespects;
 And what a third most hates, a fourth affects;
 The Negro's eye thinks black beyond compare,
 And what would fright us most, they count most faire:
 If then opinion be the touch, whereby
 All beautie's tried; Parthenia, in my eye,
 Out-shines faire Hellen, or who else she be,
 That is more rich in beauties wealth then she.
 Cheare up: the soveraignty of thy worth, enfranches,
 Thy captive beauty; and thy vertue blanches
 These staines of fortune; Come, it matters not,
 What others think: A letter's but a blot
 To such as cannot reade; but, who have skill,
 Can know the faire impression of a Quill
 From grosse and heedlesse blurres; and such can thinke
 No paper foule, that's fairely writ with Inke:
 What others hold a blemish in thy face,
 My skilfull eyes read Characters of grace;
 What hinders then, but that without delay,
 Triumph may celebrate our nuptiall day?
 She that hath onely vertue to her guide,
 Though wanting beauty, is the fairest Bride.

A Bride? (said she) such Brides as I, can have
 No fitter bridall Chamber then a Grave:
 Death is my Bridegroom; and to welcome Death,
 My loyall heart shall plight a second faith:
 And when that day shall come, that joyfull day,
 Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay
 The heat of all my sorrowes, and conjoyne
 My pale-fat'd Bridegrooms lingring hand, with mine,
 These Ceremonies and these Triumphs shall

Attend

Attend the day to grace that Day withall.

*Time with his empty Hower-glasse shall lead
The triumph on, his winged hoofs shall tread
Slow paces; After him, there shall ensue
The chaste Diana with her Virgin Crew,
All crown'd with Cypresse girlands, After whom
In rank, th'impartiall Destinies shall come:
Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawne
With harneſt Virgins vail'd with pureſt lawne,
The Bride ſhall ſit; Despaire and Griefe ſhall ſtand
Like heartleſſe Bridemaids upon either hand:
Vpon the Chariot top, there ſhall be plac'd
The little winged god with arme unbrac'd,
And bow unbent; his drooping wings muſt hide
His naked knees, his Quiver by his ſide
Muſt be unarm'd, and either hand muſt hold
A Banner, where, with Characters of gold
Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
To reade that runs) Faith, Love, and Conſtancy.
Next after, Hope, in a diſcoloured weed,
Shall ſadly march alone: A ſlender Reed
Shall guide her feeble ſteps, and in her hand
A broken Anchor all beſmear'd with ſand.
And after all, the Bridegroom ſhall appeare
Like Joves Lievetenant, and bring up the Reare,
Hee ſhall be mounted on a cole-black Steed,
His hand ſhall hold a Dart, on which ſhall bleed
A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
Which Cupids Iavelin enter'd, ſhall be found.
When as theſe Triumphs ſhall adorne our feaſt,
Let Argalus be my invited gueſt,
And let him bid me nuptiall Joy: from whom
I once expected all my joyes ſhould come.*

With

With that, as if his count'nance had thought good
 To weare death's colours ; or as if his blood
 Had bin employ'd to condole the smart
 And torment of his poore afflicted heart,
 He thus bespake : *Unhappiest of all men,*
Why doe I live ? Is Death my Rivall then ?
Vnequall chance ! Had it been flesh and blood,
I could have graped, and (perchance) withstood
Some stout encounters : Had an armed host
Of mortall Rivals ventur'd to have crost
My best desires ; my Partheniaes eye
Had given me power to make that army flye
Like frighted Lambes before the Wolfe ; but thou,
Before whose presence all must stoope and bow
Their servile necks, what weapon shall I hold
Against thy hand that will not be controll'd ?
Great enemy ! whose Kingdome's in the dust
And darksome Caves ; I know that thou art just ;
Else had the gods ne'r trusted to thy hand
So great a priviledge, so large command
And jurisdiction o'er the lives of men,
To kill, and save even whom they please, and when :
O, suffer not Parthenia's tempting teares
To move thy heart ; let thy hard-hearted eares
Be deafe to all her suites : If she professe
Affection to thee, beleewe nothing lesse :
Shee's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymens bands
Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands ;
Where plighted faith, and sacro-sanctious vow
Hath given possession, dispossesse not thou ;
Be just ; and though her briny lips bewaile
Her grieve with teares, let not those teares prevaile.
Whom heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not disjoyne,

*I am Partheniaes, and Parthenia's mine ;
Alas ! we are but one ; Then thou must either
Refuse us both ; or else, take both together.*

*My deare Parthenia, let no cloudy passion
Of dull despaire molest thee ; or unfashion
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled minde
Either forgetfull, or thy selfe unkinde :
Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay :
My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay ;
It hovers up and downe, and cannot rest,
Vntill it light, and perch upon thy brest.
Torment not him, within these lingring fires,
That's rackt already on his owne desires :
Seale and deliver as thy deed, that band,
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hand ;
And what our plighted hearts, and mutuall vow
Have so long since begun, O finish now ;
That our imperfect, and halfe pleasures may
Receive perfection by a mariage day.*

*Whereto, she thus ; Had the pleas'd Gods above
Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Iove
To blesse at large ; Had all the powers of heaven
(To boast the utmost of their bounty) given
As great addition to my slender fortune
As they could give, or covetous minde importune,
I vow to heaven, and all those heavenly powers,
They should no sooner been made mine, but yours ;
Nay had my fortunes staid but at the rate
They were ; had I remained in that state
I was ; (although at best unworthy farre
Of such a peerelesse blessing as you are)
My deare acceptance should have fill'd my heart
As full of joyes, as now it is of smart ;*

But, as I am, let angry Jove then vent
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent :
And when I roare, let heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus, to such a Bride :
Live happy Argalus, let thy soule receive
What blessings poore Parthenia cannot have :
Live happy : May thy joyes be never done,
But let one blessing draw another on :
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy soule, and pitch an everlasting guard
About the portalls of thy tender heart,
And showre down blessings where soere thou art :
Let all thy joyes be as the month of May,
And all thy dayes be as a marriage day :
Let sorrow, sicknesse, and a troubled minde
Be strangers to thee ; Let them never finde
Thy heart at home ; let Fortune still allow
Such lawlesse guests to those that love thee not :
And let those blessings, which shall wanting bee
To such as merit none, alight on thee.

That mutuall faith, betwixt us that of late
Hath past, I give thee freedome to translate
Vpon the merits of some fitter spouse :
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vowe ;
I call the gods to witnesse, nothing shall
More blesse my soule, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, then to see
My Argalus (what ere become of me)
So linckt in wedlock, as shall most augment
His greater honour, and his true content.

With that, a sudden and tempestuous tyde
Of teares orewhelm'd her language, and deny'd
A passage ; but when passions flood was spent,

She

She thus proceeds: You gods, if you are bent
 To act my tragedy, why doe you wrong
 Our patience so, to make the play so long?
 Your Sceanes are tedious; 'Gainst the rules of art,
 You dwell too long, too long, upon one part.
 Be briefe, and take advantage of your odds,
 One simple maid amongst so many gods,
 And not be conquer'd yet? Conjoyne your might,
 And send her soule into eternall night,
 That lives too long a day; Ile not resist;
 Provided you strike home, strike where ye list.
 Accursed be that Day, wherein these eyes
 First saw the light; Let desſperate ſoules devise
 A curse ſufficient for it; Let the Sun
 Ne'r shine upon it; and what er's begun
 Vpon that fatall day, let heaven forbid it
 Succeſſe; if not i' enſnare the hand that did it.
 Why was I borne? Or, being borne, O why
 Did not my ſonder Nurſes Lullaby
 (Even whiſt my lips were hanging on her breaſt)
 Sing her poore Babe to everlaſting reſt?
 O then my infant ſoule had never knowne
 This world of griefe, beneath whoſe weight I groane:
 No, no, it had not; he that dies in's prime,
 Speeds a long buſineſſe in a little time.

But Argalus (whoſe more extreame deſire,
 Vnapt to yeeld, like water-sprinkled fire,
 Did blaze the more;) impatient of deniall,
 Gave thus an onſet to a further triall:

Life of my ſoule; By whom, next heaven, I breathe;
 Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death;
 How can thy wiſhes eaſe my griefe, or ſtand
 My miſery in ſtead, when as thy hand,

And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
 Reliefe, and yet refuses to relieve me?
 Strange kinde of charity, when being afflicted,
 I finde best wishes, yet am interdicted
 Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd
 From loves enjoyment; why? Because belov'd.
 Alas! alas! how can my wishes be
 A blessing to me, if unblest in thee?
 Thy beautie's gone, (thou sayest) why, let it goe;
 He loves but ill, that loves but for a show;
 Thy beauty is supply'd in my affection,
 That never yet was slave to a complexion.
 Shall every day, wherein the earth does lack
 The Suns reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?
 Or shall thy over-curious steps forbear
 A garden, 'cause there be no Roses there?
 Or shall the Sun-set of Partheniaes beauty
 Enforce my judgement to neglect that duty
 The which my best advis'd affection owes
 Her sacred vertue, and my solemn vows?
 No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate,
 To make Parthenia too unfortunate
 For Argalus to love.

It is as easie for Partheniaes heart
 To prove lesse vertuous, as for me to start
 From my firm faith: the flame that honours breath
 Hath blowne, nothing hath power to quench, but death:
 Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter Spouse,
 And freedome to recall, to quit those vows
 I took: who gave thee licence to dispence
 With such false tongues, as offer violence
 To plighted faith? Alas! thou canst not free
 Thy selfe, much lesse hadst power to licence me.

Vowes can admit no change ; they still persever
Against all chance ; they binde, they binde for ever :
A vow's a holy thing, no common breath :
The limits of a vow, is heaven and death :
A vow that's past, is like a bird that's flowne
From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none ;
It dies not, like a time-beguiling Jest,
As soone as vented ; lives not in thy brest,
When uttered once, but is a sacred word
Straight entred in the strict and close record
Of heaven ; It is not like a Juglers knot,
Or fast, or loose, as pleases us, or not.
Since then thy vowes can finde no dispensation,
And may not be recall'd, Recall thy passion ;
Performe, performe what now it is too late,
T'unwish againe, too soone to violate :
Seeke not to quit, what heaven denies to free :
Performe thy vowes to heaven, thy vowes to me.

Thrice dearer then my soule, (she thus reply'd)
Had my owne pamper'd fancy been the guide
To my affection, I had condescended
Ere this, to your request, which had befriended
My best desires to : I lov'd not thee
For my owne pleasure in that base degree,
As gluttons doe their diet, who dispense
Wi t unwash'd hands, (lest they should give offence
To their grip'd stomacks, when a minutes stay
Will make them curse occasion all the day)
I lov'd not so ; my first desires did spring
From thy owne worth ; and as a sacred thing,
I alwayes view'd thee, whom my Zeale commands
Me not prophane with these defiled hands :
Tis true ; performance is a debt we owe

To Vowes, and nothing's dearer then a vow;
Yet when the gods doe ravish from our hand,
The meanes to keepe it, 'tis a countermand.
He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,
At Juno's Altar's bound, and must obey:
But if (being under vow) the gods doe please
To strike him with a leprous disease
Or foule infection; which is better now,
Prophane the Altar, or to breake the vow?
The case is mine; where then the gods dispense,
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
Admit it were an evill; tis our best,
Of necessary ill, to chuse the least.
The gods are good: the strict recognisance
Of vowes, is onely taken to advance
The good of man; Now if that good prove ill,
We may refuse, our vowes intier still.
I vow a marriage; why? because I doe
Entirely affect that man my Vowes are to;
But if some foule disease should interpose
Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vowes;
The strict performance of those vowes must prove,
I wrong; and therefore love not, whom I love.
Then urge no more: Let my denyall be
A pledge sufficient twixt my love and thee.

So ended she: But vehement desire
(That can be quencht with No, no more then fire,
With oyle; and can submit to no condition,)
Lends him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician;
He speakes; she answers: He, afresh, replies;
He stoutly sues; as stoutly she denies.
He begs in vaine; and she denies in vaine;
For she denies againe; He begs againe;

At last, both weary, he his suit adjournes;
For Lovers dayes are good, and bad by turnes.
He bids farewell: As if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.
She bids farewell; and yet she bids it so,
As if her farewell ended, if he goe;
He bids farewell; but so, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewells to his stay.
She bids farewell, but holds his hand so fast,
As if that farewell had not beene the last.
Both sigh'd, both wept, & both being heavy hearted,
She bids farewell, He bids farewell, and parted.
So parted they: Now *Argalus* is gone;
And now *Parthenia's* weeping all alone;
And like the widdow'd Turtle, she bewailes
The absence of her Mate: Passion prevailes
Above her strength: Now her poore heart can tell
What's heaven, by wanting heaven: and what's hell
By her owne torments: Sorrow now does play
The tyrants part, Affection must obey;
And, like a weathercock her various minde
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of winde.
In desp'rate language she deplores her state;
She faine would wish, but then she knowes not what:
Resolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
She faine would flee: but then she knows not whither:
At length (consulting with the heartlesse paire
Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despaire)
Resolves, to take th'advantage of that night,
To steale away, and seeke for death by flight:
A Pilgrims weed her livelesse limbs addrest
From head to foot: A thong of leather blest
Her wasted loynes; Her feeble feet were shod

With

With Sandalls ; In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th'illustrious Sovereigne of the Day
Had now begun his circuit, to survey
His lower kingdome, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthiaes* government,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend
The progresse now, which onely death can end.

Goe haplesse Virgin ! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine owne vertues ; and what else beside,
That may be prosp'rous ; may thy merits finde
More happinesse, then thy distressed minde
Can hope : Live, and to after-ages prove
The great example of true *Faith*, and *Love* :
Gone, gone she is ; but whither she is gone,
The gods, and fortune can resolve alone :
Pardon my Quill, that is enforc'd to stray
From a poore Lady, in an unknowne way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell
Those obvious dangers, that so oft befell
Our poore *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miseries on the open stage ;
Her broken slumbers, her distracted care,
Her hourelly feares and frights, her hungry fare ;
Her dayly perils, and her nightly scapes
From ravenous beasts, and from attempted rapes,
Is not my taske ; who care not to incite,
My Readers passion to any appetite.
We leave *Parthenia* now ; and our discourse
Must cast an eye, and bend her setled course
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
Perceived she was fled, not knowing whither ;
He makes no stay : Consults not with the weather,

Stayes

Stayes not to thinke, but claps his hasty knees
 To his fleet Courser, and away he flees:
 His haste inquires no way, (he needs not feare
 To lose the roade, that goes he knowes not where:)
 One while he pricks upon the fruitfull plaines;
 And now, he gently slackes his prouder reines,
 And climbs the barren hills: with fresh careeres
 He tries the right hand way; and then he veres
 His course upon the left: One while he likes
 This path; when, by and by, his fancy strikes
 Upon another track. Sometimes, he roves
 Among the Springs, and solitary Groves,
 Where, on the tender barks of sundry trees,
 H'engraves *Partheniaes* name with his: then flees
 To the wilde Champian: his proud Steed removes
 The hopefull fallowes, with his horned hoves:
 He baulks no way, rides over rocke and mountaine;
 When led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountaine,
 He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to quench
 His thirsty lips; and after that, to drench
 His fainting limbs, in that sweet streame, wherein
Partheniaes dainty fingers oft had bin.
 The Fountaine was upon a steepe descent,
 Whose gliding current nature gave a vent
 Through a firme rocke, which art (to make it knowne
 To after-ages) wall'd and roofft with stone:
 Above the christall Fountaines head, was plac'd
Dianaes Image (though of late defac'd.)
 Beneath, a rocky Cysterne did retaine
 The water, sliding through the Cocks of Cane,
 Whose curious Current the worlds greater eye
 Ne're view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty.
 It was that Fountaine, where, in elder times
 Poore *Corydon* compos'd his rurall rimes,

And left them closely hid, for his unkinde
 And marble-hearted *Phillida* to finde.
 All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
 Redeemes his losse of time with a new speed:
 And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
 His progresse God knowes whither: He pursues
 His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
 And (with a minde as doubtfull as the way)
 He journeyes on; he left no course, unthought;
 No traveller, unaskt; no place, unsought.

To make a Journall of each circumstance;
 His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
 Befell his tedious travell: to relate
 The brave attempt of this exploit, or that;
 His rare atchievements, and their faire successe;
 His noble courage, in extreame distresse;
 His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance:
 His high esteeme with men, which did enhance
 His meanest actions to the throne of love:
 And what he suffered for *Parthenias* love,
 Would make our volume endlesse, apt to try
 The utmost patience of a studious eye:
 All which, the bounty of a free-conceite
 May sooner reach to, then my pen relate.
 But till bright *Cynthias* head had three times thrice
 Repair'd her empty hornes, and fill'd the eyes
 Of gazing mortalls, with her globe of light;
 This restless Lover ceas'd not day and night
 To wander, in a solitary Quest
 For her, whose love had taught him to digest
 The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joyes
 But follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but toyes.

It hapned now, that twice sixe months had run
 Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun

His toilesome progresse ; who, in vaine, had spent
A yeare of howers, and yet no event ;
When fortune brought him to a goodly seat,
(Wall'd round about with hills) yet not so great
As pleasant ; and lesse curious to the sight,
Then strong, yet yeelding even as much delight
As strength : whose onely out-side did declare
The Masters judgement, and the builders care.
Around the *Castle*, nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure ; round about
Well fenced medowes (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd provision for the winter tide :
Neer which the neighb'ring hills (well stockt & stor'd
With milk-white flocks) did severally afford
Their fruitfull blessings, and deserv'd increase
To painfull Husbandry, the child of Peace :
It was *Kalanders* seat, who was the brother
Of lost *Parthenias* late deceased Mother.
He was a Gentleman, whom vaine ambition
Ne'r taught to undervalue the condition
Of private *Gentry* ; who prefer'd the love
Of his respected neighbours, far above
The apish congies of th'unconstant *Court* ;
Ambitious of a good, not great report :
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
Upon his favours so, as to be tending
Upon his person : and, in brieft, too strong
Within himselfe, for fortunes hand to wrong :
Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd
As great content, as one that was bereav'd
Of all his joyes, could take ; or who would strive
T'expresse a welcome to the life, could give.
His richly furnisht Table more exprest
A common bounty, then a curious feast ;

Whereat the choice of precious wines were profferd
 In liberall sort; not urg'd, but freely offerd;
 The carefull servants did attend the roome,
 No need to bid them either goe or come;
 Each knew his place, his office, and could spy
 His Masters pleasures in his Masters eye.
 But what can relish pleasing to a taste
 That is distemper'd? Can a sweet repast
 Please a sick palate? No, there's no content
 Can enter *Argalus*, whose soule is bent
 To tyre on his owne thoughts: *Kalanders* love
 (That other times would ravish) cannot move
 That fixed heart, which passion now incites
 T'abjure all pleasures, and forswear delights.

It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander and his noble guests, intending
 T'exchange their pleasures in the open ayre,
 A messenger came in, and did repaire
 Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
 Of his imployment, was to recommend
 A noble Lady to him (neare allide
 To faire *Queen Hellen*) whose unskillfull guide
 Had so misled, that she does make request,
 This night, to be his bold, and unknowne guest;
 And by his helpe to be inform'd the way,
 To finde to morrow, what she lost to day.
Kalander (the extent of whose ambition
 Was to expresse the bounteous disposition
 Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
 To entertaine) return'd the salutation
 Of an unknowne servant; and withall profest
 A promis'd welcome to so faire a guest.
 Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble friends,
 (All but poore *Argalus*, who recommends

His

His thoughts to private uses, and confines
His secret fancy to his owne designs)
Mounted their praunsing Steeds, to give a meeting
To his faire guest: they met, but at first greeting
Kalanders stood amaz'd, (for he suppos'd
It was Parthenia) and thus his thoughts disclos'd:

Madam (said he) *If these mine aged eyes
Retaine that wonted strength, which age denies
To many of my yeares, I should be bold
(In viewing you) to say, I doe behold
My neece Partheniaes face: Nor can I be
Perswaded (by your leave) but you are she.*

Thrice noble Sir (she thus replide) *your tongue
(Perchance) hath done the faire Parthenia wrong,
In your mistake, and too much honour'd me,
That (in my judgement) was more fit to be
Her soile, then picture; yet hath many an eye
Given the like sentence, she not being by;
Nay, more; I have beene told, that my owne mother
Fail'd often to distinguish t'one from t'other.*

Said then Kalanders: *If my rash conceit
Hath made a fault, mine error shall await
Vpon your gracious pardon: I alone
Was not deceiv'd; for never any one
That view'd Partheniaes visage, but would make
As great an error by as great mistake.*

But (*Madam*) *for her sake, and for your owne,
(Whose worth may challenge to it selfe alone,
More service then Kalanders can expresse)
Y'are truely welcome. Enter, and possesse
This Castle as your owne; which can be blest
In nothing, more, then in so faire a guest.*

Whereto the Lady (entring) thus replide:
Let everlasting joyes be multiplide

*Within these gentle gates, and let them stand
As listing monuments in th' Arcadian land,
Of rare and bounteous hospitality
To after-times. Let strangers passing by
Blesse their succeeding heires as shall descend
From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.*

When as a little respite had repair'd,
Her weary limbes, which travell had impair'd,
The freeness of occasion did present
New subjects to discourse; wherein they spent
No little time: among the rest, befell
Kalandar (often stopt with teares) to tell
Of Argalus and lost Partheniaes love,
Whose undissembled passion did move
A generall grieve; the more that they attended
To his sad tale, the more they wisht it ended.

Madam (said he) although your visage be
Like hers, yet may your fortunes disagree;
Poore girle: and as he spake that word, his eyes
Let fall a teare. The Lady thus replies.

My soule doth suffer for Partheniaes sake:
But tell me Sir, Did Argalus forsake
His poore Parthenia whom he lov'd so deare?
How hath he spent his dayes e'r since? and where?

Madam (said he) when as their marriage day
Drew neare; mischief, that now was bent to play
Vpon the Stage, her studied master-prize,
With ugly leprosie did so disguise
Her beauteous face, that she became a terror
To her owne selfe: But Argalus the mirror
Of truest constancy, (whose loyall heart,
Not guided by his eyes, disdain'd to start
From his past vowes) did in despite of fortune,
Pursue his fixt desiers, and importune

Th'entended

Tb' enteded mariage ne'rthelesse : but she
Whom reason now had taught to disagree
With her distracted thoughts, stands deafe and mute,
And at the last, t' avoid his farther sute,
Not making any private to her flight,
She quits the house, and steales away by night :
But Madam, when as Argalus perceiv'd
That she was fled, and being quite bereav'd
Of his lost hope, poore Lover, he assayes
By toylesome pilgrimage to end his dayes ;
Or finde her out : Now twice sixe months have run
Their tedious courses, since he first begun
His fruitlesse journey, ranging far and neare,
Suffering as many sorrowes, as a yeare
Could send ; and made by the extreames of weather,
Vnapt for travell ; fortune brought him hither,
where he as yet remaines, till time shall make
His wasted body fit to undertake
His discontinued progresse, and renew
His great inquest for her, who at first vlew,
Madam you seem'd to be.

So said, the Lady, from whose tender eyes
Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
With both their sorrowes ; said, And is there then
Such unexpected constancy in men ?
Most Noble Sir ;
If the too rash desires of a stranger
May be dispens'd withall without the danger
Of too great boldnesse, I should make request
To see this noble Lord, in whose rare brest
(By your report) more honour doth reside,
Then in all Greece ; nay all the world beside :
I have a message to him : and am loath
To doe it, were I not engag'd by oath.

Whereat

Whereat *Kalander* not in breath, but action,
 Applies himselfe to give a satisfaction
 To her propounded with: protraction waists
 No time; but up to *Argalus* he haists:
Arg' lus comes downe, and after salutation
 Given and receiv'd, she accosts him on this fashion:

My Noble Lord,
 Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame
 Hath nois'd your worth, and glorified your name
 Above all others, let your goodnesse now
 Make good that faire report; that I may know
 By true experience, what my joyfull eare
 Had but, as yet, the happinesse to heare.
 And if the frailty of a womans wit
 May chance t'offend; be noble, and remit.

Then know (most noble Lord) my native place,
 Is Corinth; of the selfe-same blood and race
 With faire Queen *Hellen*, in whose Princely Court
 I had my birth, my breeding: to be short,
 Thither, not many dayes agoe, there came
 Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name
 The rare *Parthenia*, so in shape transform'd,
 In feature altered, and in face deform'd
 That (in my judgement) all this region could
 Not shew a thing, more ugly to behold.
 Long was it ere her oft repeated voves
 And solemne protestations could rouse
 My over-dull believe: till, at the last,
 Some passages, that heretofore had past
 In secret 'twixt *Parthenia* and me,
 Gave full assurance 't could be none but she;
 Abundant welcome (as a soule so sad
 As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had:
 So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,

That

That whosoever saw the one, saw both ;
Yet were we not alike in our complexions
So much, as in our loves, in our affections :
One sorrow serv'd us both, and one reliefe
Could ease us both, both partners in one griefe :
Much private time we joyntly spent, and neither
Could finde a true content, if not together.
The strange occurrents of her dire misfortune
She oft discourst, which strongly did importune
A world of teares from these suffused eyes,
The true partakers of her miseries.
And as she spake, the accent of her story
Would alwayes point upon th' eternall glory
Of your rare constancy, which who so ere
In after-ages shall presume to heare,
And not admier, let him be proclaim'd
A rebell to all vertue, and (defam'd
In his best actions) let his leprous name
Or die dishonour'd, or survive with shame.
But ah ! what simples can the hand of art
Finde out to stanch a Lovers bleeding heart ?
Or what (alas) can humane skill apply
To turne the course of Loves Phlebotomy ?
Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blowne
By Fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,
Works on the very soule, and does torment
The universe of man : which being spent
And wasted in the conflict, often shrinks
Beneath the burthen : and so conquer'd, sinkes :
All which your poore Parthenia knew too well,
Whose bed-rid hopes, not having power to quell
Th' imperious fury of extreame despaire,
She languisht, and not able to contraire
The will of her victorious passion ; cryed,

My dearest Argalus, farewell, and died:
 My Lord, not long before her latest breath
 Had freely paid the full areares to death,
 She call'd me to her; In her dying hand
 She strained mine, whilst in her eyes did stand
 A showre of teares, unwept; and in mine eare
 She whisp' red so, as all the roome might heare.

Sister (said she) (That title past between us
 Not undeserv'd; for, all that ere had seen us,
 Mistooke us so, at least) The latest sand
 Of my spent hower glasse is now at hand:
 Those joyes, which heaven appointed out for me,
 I here bequeath to be possesst by thee;
 And when sweet death shall clarifie my thoughts,
 And draine them from the dregs of all my faults,
 Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so refin'd
 From all their drosse) full fraught thy constant mind:
 And let thy prosp'rous voyage be addrest
 To the faire port of Argalus his brest,
 As whom the eye of noone did ne'r discover
 So loyall, so renown'd, so rare a lover;
 Cast anchor there; for by this dying breath,
 Nothing can please my soule more, after death,
 And make my joyes more perfect, then to see
 A marriage' twixt my Argalus and thee;
 This Ring the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,
 As freely as he gave me, I make thine:
 With it unto thy faithfull heart I tender
 My sacred vowes: with is I here surrender
 All right and title, that I had or have
 In such a blessing, as I now must leave;
 Goe to him, and conjure him in my name
 What love he bare to me, the very same
 That he transferre on thee: take no deniall,

Which

Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyall.
And as she spake that word, her voice did alter;
Her breath grew cold, her speech began to faulter:
Faine would she utter more, but her spent tongue
(Not able to goe further) fail'd, and clung
To her drie roose. A while, as in a trance,
She lay, and, on a sudden, did advance
Her forced language to the height, and cryed,
Farewell my dearest Argalus, and dyed.

And now, my Lord, although this office be
Vnsutable to my sexe, and disagree
Too much perchance, with the too mean condition
Of my poore state, more like to finde derision
Then satisfaction; yet my gracious Lord,
Extr'ordinary merits doe afford
Extr'ordinary meanes, and can excuse
The breach of custome, or the common use;
Wherefore incited by the deare directions
Of dead Parthenia, by mine owne affections,
And by the ex'lence of your high desert,
I here present you with a faithfull heart,
A heart, to you devoted; which assures
It selfe no happinesse, but in being yours.
Pardon my boldnesse, they that shall reprove
This, as a fault, reprove a fault in love.
And why should custome doe our sexe that wrong,
To take away the priviledge of our tongue?
If nature give us freedome, to affect,
Why then should custome barre us to detect
The gifts of nature? she that is in paine,
Hath a sufficient warrant to complaine.
Then give me leave (my Lord) to reinforce
A virgins suit, and (thinking ne'r the worse
Of proffer'd love) let my desires thrive,

And freely accept, what I so freely give.

So ending, silence did enlarge her eare,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to heare
His gracious words : But *Argalus*, whose passion
Had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
Return'd no answer, till his trickling eyes
Had given an earnest of such obsequies,
As his adjourned sorrow had entended
To doe at full, and therefore recommended
To privacie ; true griefe abhors the light,
Who grieves without a witnesse grieves aright.

His passion thus suspended for a while,
(And yet not so, but that it did recoyle
Strong sighes) he wip'd his teare-bedewed eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies :

Madam,

Your no lesse rare, then noble favours show
How much you merit, and how much I owe
Your great desert, which claimes more thankfulnesse,
Then such a dearth of language can expresse :
But most of all, I stand for ever bound
To that your goodnesse, my *Parthenia* found
In her distresse, for which respect (in duty
As I am ty'd) poore *Argalus* shall repaire ye
The flowre of noble courtesie, and proclaime
Your high deservings. Lady, as I am,
A poore unhappy wretch, the very scorne
Of all prosperity, distrest, forlorne,
Unworthy the least favour you can give :
I am your slave, your Beadsmen will I live ;
But for this weighty matter you propound,
Although I see how much it would redound
To my great happinesse, yet heaven knowes
(Most exc'lent Lady) I cannot dispose

of

Of mine owne thoughts, nor have I power to doe
 What else you needed not perswade me to;
 For trust me, were this heart of mine, mine owne,
 To carve according to my pleasure, none
 But you should challenge it; but while I live,
 It is Partheniaes, and not mine to give.

Whereto she thus replies; Most noble Sir,
 Death, that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
 Hath now returned you your heart againe,
 Dissolv'd your vowes, dislink'd that sacred chaine,
 Which ty'd your soules: nay more, her dying breath
 Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
 Is growne a debt that you are bound to pay:
 Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
 The longer time her soule is dispossess'd
 (And by your meanes) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poore distressed Argalus
 Pausing a while, return'd his answer thus.

Incomparable Lady,
 When first of all, by heavens divine directions,
 We lov'd, we lik'd, we linkt our deare affections,
 And with the solomne power of an oath,
 In presence of the better gods, we both
 Exchang'd our hearts: in witnesse of which thing,
 I gave, and she received this deare Ring,
 Which now you weare: by which she did resigne
 Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.
 Now, Madam, by a mutuall commerce,
 My exchang'd heart is not mine owne, but hers;
 Which if it had the power to survive,
 She being dead, what heart have I to give?
 Or if that heart expired in her death,
 What heart had she (poore Lady!) to bequeath?
 Madam, in her, began my deare affection;

In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection;
 In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
 By fate; In her begun, in her it ended.
 If I had lov'd, if I had onely lov'd
 Partheniaes beauty, I had soone beene mov'd
 To moderate my sorrowes, and to place
 That love on you, that have Partheniaes face;
 But 'twas Partheniaes selfe I lov'd, and love;
 Which as no time hath power to remove
 From my fixt heart, so nothing can diminish,
 No fortune can dissolve, no death can finish.
 With mingled frownes and smiles, she thus replyde,
 Halfe in a rage, And must I be deny'd?
 Are these the noble favours I expected?
 To finde disgrace? and goe away rejected?

Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)
 Sute not your expectation, let them be
 Imputed to the misery of my state,
 Which makes my lips to speake they know not what;
 Mistake not him, that onely studies how
 With most advantage still to honour you.
 Alas! what joyes I ever did receive
 From fortune, 's buried in Partheniaes grave,
 With whom, ere long, (nor are my hopes in vaine)
 I hope to meet, and never part againe,

So said, with more then Eagle-winged haste,
 She flew into his bosome, and imbrac'd
 In her clos'd armes, his sorrow-wasted wast;
 Surcharg'd with joy, she wept, not having power
 To speake. Have you beheld an April shower
 Send downe her hasty bubbles, and then stops,
 Then stormes afresh, through whose transparent
 The unobscured Lamp of heaven conuaies (drops
 The brighter glory of his refulgent rayes;

Even

Even so, within her blushing cheekes resided
A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and teares divided:
So even divided, no man could say, whether
She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together;
She held him fast, and like a fainting lover,
Whose passion now had licence to discover
Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me,
Take, take thy owne Parthenia* (said she)
*Cheare up! my Argalus; these words of mine
Are thy Partheniaes, as Parthenia's thine;
Beleeve it (Love) these are no false alarmes,
Thou hast thine owne Parthenia in thine armes.*

Like as a man whose hourelly wants implore
Each meales reliefe, trudging from doore to doore,
That heares no dialect from churlish lips,
But newes of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,
New lost; departs, and, joyfull beyond measure,
Is so transported, that he scarce beleeves
So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,
Not daring trust, but feares it is some vision,
Or flattering dreame, deserving but derision;
So *Argalus* amazed at the newes,
Faine would beleeve, but daring not abuse
His easie faith too soone; for feare his heart
Should surfet on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
Where stopp'd by passion, falling on his knees,
He thus began; *O you eternall powers
That have the guidance of these soules of ours,
Who by your iust prerogative can doe
What is a sin for man to dive into:
whose undiscover'd actions are too high
For thought: too deepe for man t'enquier: why?*

Delude

*Delude not these mine eyes with the false show
 Of such a joy, as I must never know
 But in a dreame: Or if a dreame it be,
 O let me never wake againe, to see
 My selfe deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t' enjoy
 A reall grieve: and but a dreaming joy.*
 Much more he spake to this effect, which ended,
 He blest himselfe, and (with a sigh) unbended,
 His aking knees, and rising from the ground,
 He cast his rolling eyes about, and found
 The roome avoided, and himselfe alone,
 The doore halfe clos'd, and his Parthenia gone,
 His new distemper'd passion grew extreame;
*I knew, I knew, (said he) 'twas but a dreame;
 A minutes joy, a flash, a flattering bubble
 Blowne by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble;
 Which waking, breakes and empties into ayre,
 And breathes into my soule a fresh despaire,
 I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dreame,
 Which (waking) makes my wants the more extreame;
 I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,
 A blisse, which (waking) I should ne'r enjoy.*
*My deare Parthenia tell me, where, O where
 Art thou, that so delud'st mine eye, mine eare?
 O that my wakened fancy had the might
 To represent unto my reall sight
 What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
 Might surfet with excesse of joy, and die.*

With that, the faire Parthenia (whose desire
 Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;
 And by a well advised course to smother
 The fury of one passion with another)
 Stept in, and said; *Then Argalus take thou
 Thy true Parthenia: thou dream'st not now;*

Behold

Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart
The constancy of our divided heart :
Behold these eyes, that for thy sake have vented
A world of teares, unpiti'd, unlamented :
Behold this face, that had, of late, the power
To curse all beauty, yet it selfe secure :
Witnesse that Tapour, whose prophetick snuffe
Was outed and revived with one puffe :
And that my words may whet thy dull belicfe,
'Twas I, that roar'd beneath the scourge of griefe,
When thou didst curse the darknesse, for concealing
My face ; and then the Tapour for revealing
So foule a face ; 'twas I, that, overcome
With violent despaire, stood deafe and dumbe
To all thy urg'd perswasions : it was I,
That, in thy absence, did resolve to die
A wandring Pilgrim, trusting to be led
By fortune, to my death ; and therefore fled :
But see ; the powers above can worke their ends,
In sight of mortals : and what man intends,
The heavens dispose, and order the event :
For whom my thoughts were desperately bent.
To mine owne ruine, I was led by fate
(Through dangers, now too tedious to relate)
To faire Queene Hellens Court, not knowing whither
My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
My Genius brought me ; where, unknowne to any,
I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many :
Reliev'd by none ; at length they did acquaint
The faire Queene Hellen with my strange complaint ;
Whose noble heart did truly sympathize
With mine, partaking in my miseries :
Who fill'd with pittie, strongly did importune
The wofull case of my disastrous fortune,

And never rested till she did inforce
These lips t'acquaint her with the whole discourse.
Which done, her gracious pleasure did command
Her owne Chirurgion, to whose skilfull hand
She left my foule disease, who in the space
Of twice ten dayes, restor'd me to this face :
The cure perfected, straight she sent about
(Without my knowledge) to inquier out
That party, for whose sake I was contented
T'endure such grieffe with patience, unrepented;
Hoping (since by her meanes and help of art
My face was cur'd) even so to cure my heart.
But when the welcome messenger return'd
The place of thy bode; O how my spirit burn'd
To kisse her hands, and so to leave the Court;
But she (whose favours did transcend report
As much, as they exceeded my desert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part
With her poore handmaid; till at last, prepending
A lovers haste, and freely apprehending
So just a cause of speed; she soone befriended
My best desires, and sent me thus attended :
Where (under a false maske) I laid this plot,
To see how soon my Argalus had forgot
His dead Parthenia; but my blessed eare
Hath heard, what few or none must hope to heare :
Now farewell sorrow, and let old despaire
Goe seeke new brests : let mischiefe never dare
Attempt our hearts : let Argalus enjoy
His true Parthenia; let Parthenia's joy
Revive in him; let each be blest in either,
And blest be heaven, that brought us both together.

With that, the well-nigh broken-hearted lover,
Ravish'd with over-joy, did thus discover

His

His long-pent words: *And doe these eyes once more
Behold what their extreame despaire gave o'r
To hope for? Doe these wretched eyes attaine
The happinesse to see this face againe?
And is there so much happinesse yet left
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
Of power t' enjoy, what heaven had power to give?
Breathes my Parthenia? Does Parthenia live?*

Who ever saw the Pole-affecting stone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknowne
To our confinde and darkned reason) draw
The neighboring Steele, which by the mutuall law
Of natures secret working, strives as much
To be attracted, till they joyne and touch;
Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charmes
Each other strongly in each others armes;
Even so they meet; and with unbounded measure
Of true content, and time-beguiling pleasure,
Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses;
Where for a while I leave them to receive,
What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.

Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
Abuse our Scene: Let not the stander by
Corrupt our lines, or make an obsceane glosse
Upon our sober text, and mixe his drosse
With our refined gold, extracting sower
From sweet; and poyson from so faire a flower.
Correct your wandring thoughts, and do not feare
To think the best: Here is no *Tarquine* here;
No lustfull, no insatiate *Messaline*,
Who thought it gaine sufficient to resigne
An age of honour, for a night of pleasure;
Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure

Of her aduſt deſire: Ye need not feare
Our private Lovers, who eſteeme leſſe deare
Their lives then honours, daring not to doe
But what, unſham'd, the Sun may pry into.

If any itching eares deſire to know

What ſecret conf'rence paſt betwixt theſe two;
To them my muſe thus anſwers; *When your caſe
Shall prove the like, ſhe wiſs you to embrace
True honour, as theſe noble Lovers did,
And you ſhall know; Till then you are forbid
To enquire farther: Onely this ſhe pleaſes
To let you underſtand, that loves diſeaſes
Being thoroughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once againe prefixt a Marriage day;
Which that it might ſucceed with fairer fortune,
Readers, ſhe moves your pleaſures to importune
The better gods, that they would pleaſe to appay
Their griefes with joy, and ſmile upon that day.*

ARGALVS AND PARTHENIA.

The Third Booke.

WHen ſturdy *Marches* ſtormes are overblowne,
And *Aprils* gentle ſhowers are ſlidden downe,
To cloſe the wind-chapt earth, ſucceeding *May*
Enters her month, whoſe early breaking day
Calls Ladies from their eaſie beds to view
Sweet *Maides* pride, and the diſcolour'd hiew

Of

Of dewy-breſted *Flora*, in her bower,
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancy likes; wherewith to be poſſeſt,
Untill it fade, and wither in her breſt.
Now ſmooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder ſmiles
Viſits the banks of his beloved *Iles*;
Eolus calls in the windes, and bids them hold
Their full-mouth'd blaſts, that breathleſſe are con-
Each one retires, and ſhrinks into his ſeat, (told:
And ſea-greene *Triton* ſounds a ſhrill retreat:
And thus at length, our *Pinace* is paſt o're
The barre, and rides before the *Maiden-towre*.

Up, now in earneſt (voyagers) and ſtand ye
On your faint legs. Our *long-boat* ſtraight ſhall land
Forget your travels now, and leade your eyes (ye.
From your paſt dangers, to your preſent prize:
You traffick not for toys; The gods have ſet
No other price to things of price, but ſweat.
Cheare up; call home your hearts, and be advis'd
Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd
You traffick not for trifles, and your travell
Was not to compaſſe the almighty gravell
Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballaſt your eſtates;
'Twas not for blaſts of *Honour*, whoſe poore dates
Depend on regall ſmiles, and have no meaſures;
But Monarch's ſmils, expiring with their pleaſures:
'Twas not to conquer Kingdomes, or obtaine
The dangerous title of a *Sovereigne*;
Theſe are poore things: It is but falſe diſcretion
To toyle, where hopes are ſweeter then poſſeſſion:
No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,
True Honour, *Vertue*, *Beauty*, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend;
And heaven hath brought our voyage to an end.

Haile noble *Argalus*; now the *Cock-boat* stands
 Secure: step forth; spread forth thy widened hands,
 And take thy fairest *Bride* into thine armes;
 Strike up (brave spirit) *Cupids* fresh alarmes
 Upon her melting lips: Take *Toll*, before
 Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore;
 So let her slide upon thy gentle brest,
 And feele the ground: Then leade her to her rest.
 Goe Imps of honour, let the morning Sun
 Gild your delights, and spend his beames upon
 Your mariage Triumphs; let his westerne light
 Decline apace, and make an early Night:
 Goe, *Turtles*, goe, let treble joyes betide
 The faithfull *Bridegroom*, and his fairest *Bride*:
 Let your owne vertues light you to your rest;
 To morrow come we to your nuptiall feast.

By this the curl'd-pate *Waggoner* of heaven
 Had finish'd his diurnall course, and driven
 His panting Steeds a downe the *Westerne hill*,
 When silver *Cynthia*, rising to fulfill
 Her nightly course, lets fall an evening teare,
 To see her brother leave the *Hemisphere*,
 Which, by the ayre dispers'd, is early found
 (And call'd a *pearly dew*) upon the ground:
 Still as the night, no language did molest
 The waking care; all mortalls were at rest:
 No breath of wind had power to provoke
 The Aspine-leaf, or urge th'aspiring smoake;
 Sweet was the ayre, and cleere; no Star was hid;
 No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid
 The wild *Astronomer* to gaze, and looke
 Into the secrets of his spangled booke;
 Whilst round about, in each resounding grove,
 (As if the *Choristers* of night had strove

T'excell)

T'excell) the warbling *Philomele* compares
And vies by turnes her *Polypholian* ayres.

And now the horn-mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had sent his midnight summons to invite
Nights ravenous rebels from their secret holds
To rome and visit the securer folds ;
Whil'st drouzie *Morpheus* with his leaden keyes
Locks up the shepherds eye-lids, and betrayes
The scatter'd flocks ; which lie like sacrifices,
Expecting fire when the Sun-god rises.
By this the pale-fac'd *Empresse* of the night
Had re-surrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world she now retires,
Attended with her traine of lesser fires,
And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
To usher *Titan* from his purple bed ;
The gray-ey'd *Ianitor* does now begin
To ope his Easterne portals, and let in
The new-borne *Day* ; who having lately hurld
The shades of night into the lower world,
The dewy-cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple Curtaines, all befring'd with gold ;
And from the pillow of his *Crocian* bed,
Don *Phæbus* rouzes his refulgent head ;
That with his all-discerning eye survayes
And gilds the Mountaines with his morning raies.
Now, now the wakefull *Bridegroom* (whose last night
Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,
Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
Shall crowne his heart with joyes, beyond the
Of mortall language, whose religious fires (strength
Shall light those Lovers to their wisht desires.

Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptiall weeds,
T'enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds :

Enter

Enter those joyes, from whence all joy proceeds:
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptiall weeds.

And thou faire *Bride*, more beautilous then the day,
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;
Awake and rouzethee from thy downy slumber;
Thy *Day* is come: O may thy joyes out-number
Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue;
Arise, and bid thy maiden bed adieu;
Put on thy Nuptiall robes, time calls away;
O may thy after-dayes be like this day.
By this, bright *Phæbus* with redoubled glory,
Had halfe way mounted to the highest story
Of his *Olympick Palace*: there to see
This long expected dayes solemnitie:
When all on sudden, there was heard (around
From every quarter) the Majestick sound
Of many Trumpets: all, in consort running
One point of war transcending far the cunning
Of mortall blasts; and, what did seeme more strange,
The shrill-mouth'd musick did as sudden change
To *Dorick* straines, to sweet mollitious ayres,
To *Lyrick* songs, and voyces, like to theirs
That charm'd *Plysses*: whil'st th'amazed eare
Stood ravisht at these changes, it might heare
Those voyces, (by degrees) transform'd to *Lutes*,
To *Shaulms*, deep-throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And Echo-forcing *Cornets*; which surpast
The art of man: this *Harmony* did last
Untill the *Bridegroom*e came: but all men wondred
To heare the noise: Some thought the heavens had
To a new tune; and some more wiser eares (thundred
Conceiv'd it was the *Musick of the Sphaeres*:
All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could heare;
But none knew whence the *Musick* was, or where.

Forthwith,

Forthwith, as if a second *Sun* had rose,
 And strove with greater brightnesse, to depose
 The glory of the first, the *Bridegroom* came,
 Usher'd along with Eagle-winged *Fame*,
 Whose twice five hundred mouthes did at one blast
 Inspire a thousand *Trumpets*, as he past:
 His Nuptiall vesture was of Scarlet *Dye*,
 So deepe, as it would dazle a weake eye
 To gaze upon't; to which, the curious Art
 Of the laborious Needle did impart
 So great a glory, that you might behold
 A rising *Sun*, imboist with purest gold; (downe
 From whence ten thousand *trailes* of gold came
 In waved points, like *Sun-beames* from that *Sun*:
 Thus from his chamber midst the vulgar crowd
 (Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
 The long expected *Bridegroom* came, and past
 Th'amazed multitude; till, at the last,
 His Herauld brought him to the *Hall of state*,
 Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did awaite
 To welcome his approach, and to discharge
 The lowder volley of their joyes at large:
 The Hall was spacious, lightsome, and bestrow'd
 With *Flora's* wealth (a bounty that she ow'd
 This glorious feast) The walls were richly clad
 With curious *Tap'stry* (such as *Greece* ne'r had
 Before that day) wherein you might behold,
 Wrought to the life, in colour'd filkes and gold,
 This present story of these peerelesse Lovers,
 Which like a silent *Chronicle*, discovers
 The severall passages that did befall
 'Twixt their first meeting, and their Nuptiall;
 Devis'd and wrought by Virgins borne in *Greece*,
 Presented to this *Triumph*, as a *Peere*

Devoted to the memory and fame
 Of *Argalus*, and his *Parthenias* name;
 No sooner was the Ceremony ended,
 (Wherein each noble spirit more contended
 T'expresse affection, then affect th'expression
 Of Courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profession
 Of ayrie friendship) but a sudden shout
 Of rudely-mingled voices flew throughout
 The spacious *Castle*, which confus'dly cry'd
Joy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride.
 Forthwith (as if that heavens had broken loose,
 And *Deities* had meant to enterpose
 Their heavenly bodies, with the mortall tribe
 Of men, or else, intending to ascribe
 Their pers'nall honour to this Nuptiall)
 In more then Princely state, enters the *Hall*
 A glorious show of Ladies, all array'd
 In rare and costly robes, and richly laid
 With Jems unvalued; and each Lady wore
 A scarfe upon her arme, embroydred ore
 With *gold* and *pearle*; Thus hand in hand they past
 Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did cast
 A backward look, as if their thoughts did mind,
 Some greater glory, comming on behinde:

Next after them, came in the *virgin crew*
 In milk-white robes (virgins that never knew
 The sacred myst'ries of the marriage bed,
 Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*,
 Ere lent a thought to nuptiall joyes till now)
 Thus past these buds of nature, two by two,
 Their long dishevel'd tresses dangled downe
 With carelesse Art, and on each head a crown
 Of golden *Laurell* stood: Their faces shrowded
 Beneath a vaile, seem'd as the stars were clouded.

Have

Have ye beheld in frosty winters even,
When all the lesser twinckling *lamps* of heaven
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of rising *Cynthia* lookes? with what a grace
She viewes the throne of darknesse, and aspires
Th' *Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires.
So after all these *sparks* of beauty, came
(They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
The faire *Parthenia*: Thus the rose-cheek'd *Bride*
Enters the roome; a milke-white *vaine* did hide
Her blushing face; which, nere the lesse discloses
Some glimps of red, like *laine* ore-spredding *roses*;
Thus entred she. The garments that she wore
Were made of purple silke, bespangled ore
With *Stars* of purest gold, and round about
Each severall *Star* went, winding in and out,
A *trayle* of orient *pearle*, so rarely wrought, (thought
That as the garments mov'd, you would have
The *Stars* had twinckled; Her dishevel'd haire
Hung downe behind, as if the onely care
Had been to reconcile *neglect* and *art*,
Hung loosely downe, and vayl'd the backer part
Of those her skie-resembling robes; but so,
That every breath would wave it to and fro, (ver
Like flying clouds, through which, you might disco-
Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, sometimes another:
Thus on she went; her ample traine supported
By thrice three virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted
In purple robes: forthwith, the *Bridegroom* rises
From off his chaire; bowes downe and sacrifices
The peacefull offering of a morning kisse,
Upon her lips: To such a Saint as this,
O, what rebellious heart could choose but bow,
And offer freely the perpetuall vow

Of choyce obedience?

With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
And with a posture, full of princely grace,
Salutes the lovely *Bride*, with words, expressing
The joyfull modell of a kingdomes blessing.
But hark! The *Hymenean Trumpet* sends
Her latest summons forth; *Hymen* attends
The noble paire, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands; the sacred *Altars* smoake
With *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, the wayes are strow'd
With *Flora's* pride; and the expecting crowd
Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye,
Attends to see the *Triumph* passing by.

At length, the gates flew open: on this fashion
Began the *Triumph*: first a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voice: If any be
Or Lord, or Knight, or what soere degree,
Professing armes or honour in the land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to *Parthenia's* heart, or claime
A right, or interest in her love, or name;
Let him come forth in person; or appeare
By noble Proxy, if not present here;
And by the exc'lent honour of a Knight,
He shall receive such honourable right
As the just sword can give; Let him now come
And speake; or else, for evermore be dumbe.

Thrice was it read; which done, forthwith there
True honours Eagle-winged Herauld, Fame, (came
Sounding a silver Trump; and as she past
She shooke the earths foundation, with her blast:

Next after whom in undissembled state
The *Bridegroom* came: on his right-hand did wait
The god of war in martiall robes of greene,

All

All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had beene
But newly wounded, and from every wound,
Fresh blood did seeme to trickle on the ground;
And as the garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would seeme to pant a while, and then depart:
Upon the *Bridegroomes* left hand there attended
Heavens Pursuivant, whose brawny arme extended
A winged *Caduce*; He had scarce the might
To curbe his feet: his feet were wing'd for flight:
Above his head their hands did joyntly hold
A crimson *Canopy* embost with gold.
Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Brave men at arms, whose names the world had hal-
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights, (*low'd*)
Whose bloods had ransom'd, and redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies: These were all aray'd
In robes of *Needle-worke*, so rarely made,
That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold
Armours of Steele, faire filetted with gold;
And as they marcht, their *Squiers* did advance
Before each Knight his warlike *Shield* and *Lance*.

And after these, the Princely *Virgin-Bride*,
On whom all eyes were fastned, did divide
Her gentle paces, being led betweene
Two *Goddeses*, the one aray'd in greene,
On which the curious needle undertooke
To make a forest: here, a bubling brooke
Divides two thickets: through the which doth flie
The single *Deere*, before the deep-mouth'd Crie,
That closely followes: There, th'affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the musick, and afeard
Of every shadow, gazes, to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to goe;
Where, in a *Landskip*, you may see the *Faunes*

Following their crying mothers o'r the *Lawnes* ;
The other was in robes, the purer die
Whereof, did represent the mid-day skie (beames
Full of *black clouds* ; through which, the glorious
Of the victorious *Sun* appeares, and scemes
As 'twere to scatter ; and at length, to shed
His brighter glory, on a fruitfull bed
Of noisome weeds, from whence you might discern
A thousand painfull *Bees* extract and earne
Their sweet provision: and, with laden thighes
To beare their waxy burthens: On this wise
The princely *Bride* was led betwixt these two,
The first, was she, that on *Acteons* brow
Reveng'd her naked chastity: the other
Was she, to whom *Ioves* pregnant braine was mother
Through *Vulcans* help ; and these did joyntly hold
Upon her head, a *Coronet* of gold ;
Whose train *Diana's* Virgin-crew, all crown'd
With golden wreathes, supported from the ground.

Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And styl'd *The Ladies of the Maidenhead*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And every spot appeared as a staine
Of Lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had slaine ;
Ranckt three and three, and on each head a crowne
Of *Primeroses*, and *Roses* not yet blowne.

Next whom, the Beauties of th' *Arcadian Court*
March'd two and two, whose glory came not short
Of what th' unlimited and studied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To such solemnities, where every one
Strove to excell, and to b'excell'd of none.

Thus came they to the *Temple*, where attended

The

The sacred *Priests*, whose voices recommended
The dayes successe to heaven, and did divide
A blessing 'twixt the *Bridegroom*, and the *Bride*;
Which done, and after low obeysance made,
The first (while all the rest kept silence) said:

*Welcome to Juno's sacred Courts; Draw neare:
Unspotted Lovers, welcome: doe not feare
To touch this holy ground; Passe on secure;
Our gates stand open to such guests, as you are;
Our gracious Goddesse grants you your desires,
And hath accepted of those holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleasure
To smell your Incense, in so great a measure
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,
She crownes your voves, and smiles upon this day.*

So said, they bowed to the ground, and blest
Themselves; that done, they singled from the rest
The noble *Bridegroom*, and his *Princely Bride*,
And said, *Our gracious Goddesse be our guide,
As we are yours*; And as they spake that word,
Their well tun'd voices sweetly did accord
With *Musick* from the *Altar*: as a long
They past, they jointly warbled out this song:

T*Hus in pompe and Priestly pride,
To glorious Juno's Altar goe we;
Thus to Juno's Altar show we
The noble Bridegroom and his Bride:
Let Juno's houely blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*May these Lovers never want
True joyes, nor ever beg in vaine
Their choice desires; but obtaine
What they can wish, or she can grant.*

Let

*Let Juno's houely blessing send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*From satiety, from strife,
From Iealousie, domestick jars,
From those blows, that leave no scars,
Juno protect your marriage life,
Let Juno's houely blessing send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*Thus to Hymens sacred bands,
We commend your chaste deserts,
That as Juno link'd your hearts,
So he would please to joyne your bands;
And let both their blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

No sooner was this Nuptiall Caroll ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This Princely paire (both prostrate on the floore)
And with their hands presented them before
The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two milk-white *Turtles*; and with praiers, besought
That *Juno's* lasting favours would descend,
And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.

With that, a horrid crack of dreadfull thunder,
Possess each trembling heart, with feare and wonder,
The rafters of the holy Temple shooke,
As if accursed *Archimagoes* booke
(That curf'd Legion) had beene newly read:
The ground did tremble, and a mist ore-spread
The darkned *Altar*.

At length, deepe silence did possesse and fill
The spacious *Temple*: all was whist and still.

When

When, from the clouded *Altar*, brake the sound
 Of heavenly *Musick*, such as would confound
 With death, or ravishment, the earth-bred eare,
 Had not the *Goddesse* given it strength to beare
 So strong a rapture. As the *Musick* ended,
 The mist on sudden vanisht, and ascended
 From whence it came. The *Altar* did appeare,
 And *ashes* lying, where the *Turtles* were:
 Neere which, great *Hymen* stood, not seen before;
 His purple *Mantle* was embroydred ore (behold
 With *Crowns* of *Thorne*, 'mongst which you might
 Some, here and there (but very few) of gold;
 Upon each little space, that did divide
 The severall crowns, a *Gordian* knot was tide;
 And turning to the *Priest*, he thus began;

*What meane these fumes; Say, what hath mortall man
 To doe with us? What great request? what suit
 Does now attend us, that they thus salute
 Our nostrils, with such acceptable savours?
 Tell us, wherein doe they implore the favours
 Of the pleas'd gods? for by th' eternall throne
 And majesty of heaven, it shall be done.*

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus replide;
*Great god, this noble Bridegroome, and his Bride,
 Whom we, most humbly, here present before
 Great Juno's sacred Altar, doe implore
 Your gracious aid: that with your nuptiall bands
 Your grace would please to tie their promis'd hands.*

With that, he straight descends the holy staires,
 And with his widened armes divides and shares
 An equall blessing 'twixt them both, and said;

Noble Youth, and lovely Maid,
 Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,
 And hath granted your desires:

*By the mystery of our power,
 First, we consecrate this hower
 To Juno's name, that she would blesse
 Our prosp'rous actions with successe.
 With this oyle (which we appoint
 For holy uses) we anoint
 Your temples, and with nuptiall bands
 Thus we firmly joyne your hands :
 Be joyn'd for ever : and let none
 Presume t'undoe, what we have done ;
 Be joyn'd, till lawlesse Death shall sever
 Both hands and hearts : Be joyn'd for ever :
 Eternall curses we allot
 To those, till then, shall loose this knot.*

So said, he blest them both in *Juno's* name,
 And from their sight he vanisht in a flame :
 That done, they rose, and with new rimes saluted
 The smoaking *Altar* : Thrice they prostituted
 Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
 Where, sending forth the well accepted sound
 Of *thanks* and *vowes*, from their divided heart,
 They kisse the sacred *Altar*, and depart ;
 And, with the selfe same *Triumph* as they came,
 Returned ; whil'st the louder *Trump* of Fame
 With a full blast sends forth a shrill retreat ;
 And re-conducts them to the *Hall of State*,
 Whose richly furnisht table would invite
 A bed-rid stomach to an Appetite,
 And make the wastefull *glutton* that does eate
 His unearn'd dyet with his daily sweat,
 Behold his heaven in a more ample measure,
 Then he had hopes to purchase, with the treasure
 Of his best faith ; such were the dainties, such
 The vyands, that I dare not think too much

To terme it *Paradise*, where all things did
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid:
Soone as the *Marshall* of this princely feast
Had in his rightfull seat, plac'd every guest,
A soft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.

Forthwith, with joynd hands and smiling faces,
With habits more unequall then their paces,
A jolly paire drew neare the table; th'one
In greene; His pamper'd body had out-growne
His seame-ript garments, all embroyder'd over
With spreading Vines, whose fruitfull leaves did co-
Their swelling Clusters; his out-strutting eyes (ver
Star'd in his head: his dropsie swollen thighes
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd snout
Was deeply furnisht and enricht about
With *Carbuncles*; around his browes did twine
Full laden Clusters, ravisht from the *Vine*.

The other was a *Lady*, whom the Sun
With his bright rayes had too much gaz'd upon:
The colour of her silken mantle was
Twixt greene and yellow, like the faded grasse:
On which were wrought enclosed fields of corne,
Some reap'd, some bound in sheaves, & some unshorn:
Well favour'd was her count'nance, plump & round;
Her golden Tresses dangled to the ground;
Her temples bound with full ripe eares of *Wheat*,
Wreath'd like a *Girland*: frequent drops of sweat
Downe from her swarty browes did sily trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand she bare a *sickle*.
Thus usherd, with a *Bag-pipe* to the Table,
They both stood mute: *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge language from his breathlesse tongue,
Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the song.

VV *Elcome fairest Virgin Bride,
Welcome to our jolly feast :*

*Taste what Ceres did provide
For so faire, so faire a guest.*

Bacch. *Taste what Bacchus did provide*

For so faire, so faire a guest :

*Welcome fairest Virgin Bride,
Welcome to our jolly feast.*

Chor. *Our conjoynd bounties doe*

Make Mars smile, and Venus too.

Ceres. *Welcome noble Bridegroome hither ;*

Worlds of blisse, and joy attend ye :

Freely welcome both together,

See what Ceres bounty sends ye.

Bacch. *Freely welcome both together,*

See what Bacchus bounty sends ye.

Welcome noble Bridegroome hither ;

Worlds of blisse, and joy attend ye.

Chor. *Our conjoynd bounties doe*

Make Mars smile, and Venus too.

Ceres. *Here is that, whose sweet varietie*

Gives you pleasure and delight ;

Makes you full without satietie ;

Wastes the day, and hastes the night.

Bacch. *This will rouse the man of warre,*

When the drum shall beat in vaine,

When his spirits drooping are,

This will make them rise againe.

Chor. *You that joyntly doe inheris*

Venus beauty, Mars his spirit,

Freely taste our bounty ; so

Mars shall smile, and Venus too.

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,

They bow'd, & vanisht, none knew how, nor whither.

To make relation of each quaint devise,
 That Art presented their unwearied eyes;
 The nature of their mirth, of their discourse;
 The dainties of the first, the second course:
 The secret glances of the *Bridegroome's* eye
 On his faire *Bride*; how oft she blusht, and why,
 Were but to rob the *Bridegroome* of his right,
 Who counts each hower a Summers day till night.
 Me thinks it grieves me, that my pen should wrong
 Poore Lovers disappointed hopes so long:
 And it repents me so, that oftentimes
 Me thinks I could be angry with my Rimes,
 And for the cruell finnes that they commit
 In being tedious, some I wish unwrit:
 Let it suffice, what glory, what delight,
 What state, or what to please the appetite,
 The eye, the eare, the fancy; In a word,
 What joy so short a season could afford
 To well prepared hearts, was here exprest
 In this our Nuptiall, this our Princely feast.

Thus when the board was voided, and the *Sewer*
 Had now resign'd his office with the *Ewer*,
 The curious linnen gone; and all the rights
 Perform'd, that 'long to festivall delights;
 The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
 Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all
 To depth of silence; Tels them, 'tis his taske
 To let them know, the gods intend a *Maske*,
 To grace these *Nuptialls*; and with that he spred
 His ayre-dividing pinions, and fled.

When silence thus had charmed every eare
 With wonder and attention, they might heare
 The winged *Quiristers* of night, about
 In every corner, sweetly warbling out

The
 Masque of
 the Gods.

Their Philomelian ayres, and wilder note,
 Which nature taught them to divide, by rote;
 So that the Hall did seeme a shady Grove,
 Wherein by turnes, th'ambitious Quire strove
 T'excell themselves.
 While thus their eares were feeding with delight
 Vpon these straines, the Goddesse of the night
 Enters the Scene; Her body was confinde
 Within a coale-blacke Mantle, thorow linde
 With sable Furies; her Tresses were of hiew
 Like Ebony, on which a Pearly dew
 Hung, like a spiders Web; her face did shrowd
 A swarth Complexion, underneath a cloud
 Of black curld Cypresse: On her head, she wore
 A Crowne of burnisht Gold, beshaded o're
 With Foggs and rory mist; her hand did beare
 A Scepter and a sable Hemisphere;
 She sternely shooke her dewy locks, and brake
 A melancholy smile, and thus bespake;

Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let slippe
 Your looser reines, and use thine idle whippe,
 Thy pamperd Steeds are purfied, drive away,
 The lower world thinks long to see the day;
 Darknesse befits us best; and our delight
 Will relish farre more sweeter in the night;
 Approach (ye blessed shadowes) and extend
 Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
 Our nightly sports; Approach, make no delay
 It is your Queene, your Sovereigne calls away.

With that, a sudden darknesse fill'd the Hall;
 The light was banisht, and the windowes all
 So neerely clos'd their eye-lids round about,
 That day could not get in, nor darknesse out:
 Thus while the death-resembling shades of night

Had

*Had drawne their misty Curtaines twixt the light
And every darkned eye, which was denide
To see, but that, which darknesse could not hide;
The jealous god, fearing he knowes not whom,
(Indeed whom feares he not?) enters the roome,
And with his club-foot groping in the shade
Of night, he mutterd forth these words, and said;*

*Where is this wanton Harlot now become;
Is light so odious to her? or is home
So homely in her wandring eyes, that she
Must still be rambling, where unknowne to me?
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermedling Venus must be one?
Is't not enough that Phæbus does applaud
Her lust, but must Nights Goddesse be her baud?
Darknesse be gone, thou patronesse to Lust;
If faire meanes may not rid thee, fouler must,
Away; my power shall out-charme thy charmes,
Ile finde her panting in her lovers armes.
Enter you lampsters of terrestriall fire,
And let your golden heads (at least) conspire
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Revenge the wrongs of Phæbus, with your light.*

Vulcans
speech.

*So said, the darkned Hall was garnisht round
With lighted Tapors; Every object found
An eye to owne it, and each eye was fill'd
With pleasure in the object it beheld.*

*As these devisifull changes did incite
Their quickned fancies, with a fresh delight,
Morpheus came in; His dreaming pace was so,
That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow;
His folded armes, atwart his brest, did knit
A sluggards knot, his nodding chinne did hit
Against his panting bosome, as he past;*

And.

*And oftentimes his eyes were closed fast ;
He wore a crowne of Poppy on his head ;
And, in his hand, he bore a Mace of Lead :
He yawned thrice, and after homage done
To nights black soveraigne, he thus begun :*

Morpheus
speech.

*Great Empresse of the world ; To whom I owe
My selfe, my service, my perpetuall vow ;
Before the footstool of whose dreadfull throne
The Princes of this lower world lay downe
Their Crowns and Scepters ; whose victorious hand
In twice twelve houres did conquer and command
This globe of earth, your servant (whose dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the early shadows, and to seize
Upon these wearied mortals, when you please
T'appoint ; till then, your servant is at hand
To put in execution your command.*

The God-
dess of the
Nights
speech.

*To whom the smiling Goddesse thus replyde ;
Morpheus, our pleasure is to set aside
This night to mirth, and time-beguiling sports ;
Our sleep-restraining businesse much imports
Your welcome absence, whilst our ears shall number
The flying hours : our mirth admits no slumber :
That word scarce ended, but the Queen of Love
Descended from her unseen seat, above :
In her faire hand she led her winged Son,
And like a full mouth'd tempest, thus begun :*

Venus
speech to
Morpheus.

*Disloyall Sycophant, Deaths bastard brother,
Accursed spaune, cast from as curs'd a Mother ;
That, with thy base impostures, riftest Man
Of halfe his dayes, of halfe that little span
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Hugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles,
What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my right,*

Per-

Perfidious *Caitife*? *Venus* day is night:
 Goe to the frozen world, where mans desire
 Is made of yce, and melts before the fire,
 Yet ne'r the warmer: Goe, and visit fooles,
 Or Phlegmatick old age, whose spirit cooles
 As quickly as their breath: Goe, what have we
 To doe (dull *Morpheus*) with thy Mace, or thee
 As leaden as thy Mace; Th'art made for nought,
 But to still children, or to ease the thought
 Of brain-sick *Phranticks*; or, with joys, to flatter
 Poore slumbring soules, which wak'd, finde no such
 Go succour thole, that vent by quick retaile (matter:
 Their wits, upon deare penny-worths of *Ale*:
 Or marrow'd *Eunuchs*, whose adust desire
 Wants meanes to stake the fury of their false fire:
 O that I were a *Basilisk*, that I
 Might dart my venome, or else venom'd die.

Boy, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart,
 Drawne to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
 Let flie Deaths arrow, or if thou hast none,
 In Deaths name send an arrow of thine owne:
 We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree;
 Shoot then, at once, revenge thy selfe and me.

*With that the little angry god did bend
 His steelen bow, and in deaths name did send
 His winged messenger, whose faithfull haste
 Dispatcht his irefull errand; and stuck fast
 Within his pierced liver, and did hide
 His singing feathers in his wounded side.
 Morpheus fell dawne, as dead, and on the ground
 Lay for a little season in a swound,
 Gasping for breath: And Lovers dreames (they say)
 Have evermore been wanton since that day:
 Venus was pleas'd: The Goddesse of the night*

Grew angry; she would needs resigne her right
 Of government, and in a spleene threw downe
 Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crowne;
 And, with a duskie fogge, she did besmeare
 The face of Venus, soild her golden haire
 With her black shades, and with foule tearmes revild
 Both her, her cuckold mate, and bastard child;
 Whereat the god of war, being much offended,
 Forsooke both seat and patience, and descended;
 And, to the world, he proffer'd to make good
 Faire Venus honour, with his dearest blood:
 To whom poore Vulcan (puffing in a rage,
 To heare his wel knowne fortune on the stage)
 Scrall'd many a thank; and with his crouching knee
 Profeest true love to such true friends, as he.
 And ever since, experience lets us know,
 Cuckolds are kind to such as make them so.

By this god Morpheus waking from his swoond,
 Began to groane; and from his aking wound
 Drew forth the buried shaft; but Mars (whose word
 Admits no other second, but his sword)
 Unsheath'd his furious brondiron, and let flye
 A blow at Morpheus head, which had well nye
 Cloven him in twaine, had not the Queene of night
 Hurl'd hasty mists before his darkned sight:
 So that the sword, by a false guided ayme,
 Struck Vulcans foot which ever since was lame:
 At last the gods came downe, and thought it good
 To nippe this early quarrell in the bud;
 who fearing uprores, with a friendly cup
 Of blest Nepenthe, tooke the quarrell up:
 And, for th'offence committed, did proclaim
 This sentence in offended Juno's name.

The sen-
 tence.

Morpheus from hence is banisht, for this night,

And

And not t'approach before the morning light :

Mars is exil'd for ever, as a guest

Adjudg'd unfitting for a mariage feast.

Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about

To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.

Venus is censur'd to perpetuall night,

And not (unlesse by stealth) to see the light :

Her chiefeft joy to be but pleasing folly,

Perform'd with *madnesse*, dog'd with *melancholy*.

And here the Musick did invite their paces

To measure time, and by exchange of places

To lead the curious beholders eye

A willing captive to variety.

Thus, with the sweet vicissitude of mirth

They spent the time, as if that heaven and earth

Had studied to please man, in such a measure,

That Art could not doe more t'augment their pleasure :

And so they vanish.

Now *Ceres* evening bounty reinvites

Her noble guests, to her renew'd delights ;

And frolick *Bacchus*, to refresh their soules

With a full hand, presents his swelling Bowles.

Wine came unwisht, like water from a fource ;

And delicates were mingled with discourse :

What art could doe, to make a welcome guest,

Was liberally presented at that feast.

It was no sooner ended, but appears

An old gray Pilgrim deeply struck in yeares,

In tatter'd garments ; In his wrinkled hand

An houre-glasse, labouring with her latest sand ;

Beneath his arme, a buffen Knap sack hung

Stuft full of writings in an unknowne tongue,

Chronologies, out-dated *Almanacks*,

And *Patents*, that had long surviv'd their waxe :

Unto his shoulders *Eagle wings* were joyn'd:
His head ill thatcht before, but bald behind:
And leaning on his crooked *Sytbe*, he made
A little pause, and after that, he said;

*Mortals, 'tis out, my glasse is runne,
And with it the day is done:*

*Dark shadowes have expell'd the light,
And my glasse is turn'd for night:*

*The Queene of darknesse bids me say,
Mirth is fitter for the day:*

*Vpon the day, such joyes attend,
With the day such joyes must end.*

*Think not, Darknesse goes about,
Like death, to puffle your pleasures out:*

*No, no, shee'l lend you new delights,
She hath pleasures for the nights:*

*When as her shadowes shall benight ye,
She hath what shall still delight ye:*

*Aged Time shall make it knowne,
She hath dainties of her owne:*

*'Tis very late, away, away,
Let day sports expire with day:*

For this time we adjourne your feast;

The Bridegroom faine would be at rest:

*And if the night-pastimes displease ye,
Day will quickly come, and ease ye.*

With that, a sweet vermilion tincture stain'd
The *Brides* faire cheeks; The more that she restrain'd
Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
Did overflow; as if a second flood
Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,
To drowne that world of beauty in her face:
She blusht; (but knew not why) And like the *Moone*,
She look'd most red, upon her going downe.

But

But see : The smiling Ladies doe begin
 To joyne their whispring heads, as there had been
 A plot of treason : till at length, unspide,
 They stole away th'unwilling-willing *Bride* :
 Their busie hands unrob'd her, and so led
 The timorous Virgin to her *Nuptiall* bed.

By this, the *Nobles* having recommended
 Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended
 They look'd about, and thinking to have done
 Their service to the *Bride*, the *Bride* was gone :
 And now the *Bridegroom* (unto whom delay
 Seem'd worse then death) could brook no longer stay:
 Attended by his noble guests, he enters
 That roome, where th'enterchangeable *Indentures*
 Of dearest love, lay ready to be seal'd
 With mutuall pleasures not to be reveal'd.

His garments grew too tedious, and their waight
 (Not able to be borne) doe over-fraight
 His weary shoulders : *Atlas* never stoopt
 Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt ;
 No help was wanting, for he did receive
 What sudden aid he could expect, or have
 From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste
 The time ; unlesse (perchance) by over-haste ;
 Meane while, a dainty warbling brest, not strong,
 As sweet, presents this *Epithalmion* song.

*Man of warre, march bravely on,
 The field's not easie to be wonne ;
 There's no danger in that warre,
 Where lips both swords and bucklers are.*

*Here's no cold to chill thee,
 A bed of downe's thy field :
 Here's no sword to kill thee,
 Unlesse thou please to yeeld.*

*Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no scars to number.
These be wars of Cupids making
These be wars will keep you waking,
Till the early breaking day
Call your forces hence, away.*

*These be wars that make no spoile,
Death here shoots his shafts in vaine;
Though the souldiers get a foile,
He will rouse and fight againe.
These be wars that never cease,
But conclude a mutuall peace.*

*Let benigne and prosp'rous stars,
Breathe successe upon these wars,
And when thrice three months be run,
Be thou father of a sonne;*

*A sonne that may derive from thee
The honour of true merit,
And may to ages, yet to be,
Convey thy blood, thy spirit;
Making the glory of his fame
Perpetuate, and crowne thy name,
And give it life in spite of death,
When Fame shall want both trump and breath.*

*Have you beheld in a faire Summers Even
The golden-headed Charioter of Heaven,
With what a speed his prouder reynes doe bend
His panting horses to their journeyes end?
How red he looks, with what a swift careire
He hurries to the lower Hemisphere,
And in a moment shoots his golden-head
Upon the pillow of blushing *Thetis* bed:
Even so the Bridegroom (whose desire had wings
More swift thē *Time*, switcht on with pleasure) springs
Into*

Into his Nuptiall bed ; and looke how fast
The stooping Faulkon clips, and with what haste
Her tallons seize upon the timorous prey,
Even so his armes (impatient of delay)
His circling armes embrac'd his blushing Bride,
While she (poore soule) lay trembling by his side.

The Bridegroome now grows weary of his guests,
What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
His tired patience : Too much sweet offends ;
Sometimes to be forsaken of our friends,
In *Cupids* moralls, is observ'd to be
The fruits of friendship, in the best degree.
And thus at last, the curtaines being clos'd.
They left them, each in others armes repos'd.

*And here my Muse bids draw our curtaines too ;
'Tis unfit to see what private Lovers doe.
Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over ranke,
But vaile thy understanding with a Blanke,
Think not on what thou thinkst : and, if thou canst,
Yet understand not what thou understandst.
Sow not thy fruitfull heart with so poore seeds :
Or if, perchance (unsowne) they spring like weeds,
Use them like weeds, thou knowest not how to kill :
Slight them, and let them thrive against thy will ;
View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,
But see, thou take no pleasure in their sent.
And one thing more : When as the morrow light
Shall bring the bashfull Bride into thy sight,
Be not too cruell ; Let no wanton eye
Disturbe, and wrong her conscious modesty :
And if she blush, examining not for what ;
Nay though thou see it (Reader) see it not.*

And shall our story discontinue here ?
Or want a period, till another yeare ?

Shall

Shall we befriend these Lovers, with the night,
 And leave them buried in their owne delight,
 And so conclude? No, it shall ne'r be sed,
 That mariage joyes end in the mariage bed:
 Fond and adulterate is that love, which founds
 Her happineffe on such unstable grounds;
 And, like a sudden blaze, it never lasts,
 But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wasts.

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
 Is even as welcome to him, as the night:
 His eyes are fixt upon his lovely *Bride*,
 Whiles she lies sweetly slumbring by his side:
 She sleeps, he views her; Thrice his minde was bent
 To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent;
 Sometimes his lips, with a stolne kisse would greet
 Her guiltlesse lips; (*They say stolne goods are sweet*)
 At length, she wakes, and hides her blushing cheeks
 In his warme bosome, where she safely seeks
 For *Sanctuary*, whereunto should fly
 The guilt of her protected modesty:
 He smiles, and whispers in her deafned eare;
 (*Women can understand, and yet not heare*)
 He speaks, but she (even whilst his lips were breaking
 Their words) with hers, did stop his lips frō speaking.
 When thrice three *Suns* had now almost outworne
 The rare solemnities that did adorne
 These Princely *Nuptials*, and had made report
 Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
 The *Bridegroom* whose endeavours were addrest,
 To practice what might please his faire *Bride* best,
 Resolv'd to leave *Kalanders* house, and crowne
Parthenia sole Commandresse of her owne:
 Long was it ere *Kalanders* liberall care
 Could be unlockt; it had no power to heare

The

The word Farewell: Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuses; which he soone defeated.
But as the stout *Alcides* did cashiere
One rising head, another would appeare:
Even so, whilst his ingenuous love did smother
One cause of parting, he would finde another.

Kalander thus at last, (being over-wrought
With words, which importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was faine
To yeeld, what he so long gain-said, in vaine.
'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* must goe,
But yet *Kalander* must not leave them so;
There is no parting, till the aged fire
Shall warme his fingers by *Partheniaes* fire.
Parthenia sues, *Kalander* must not rest,
Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd guest.

The morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given faire earnest of a fairer day;
And, with his trembling beames, had repossesst
The eyes of mortals, newly rouz'd from rest,
They left *Kalanders* Castle; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of delight*:
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seat,
Well chosen; not capacious, as neat;
Yet was it large enough to entertaine
A potent Prince, with all his Princely traine;
It seem'd a Center to a Parke, well stor'd
With Deere, whose well-thriven bounty did afford
Continuall pleasure and delight; nay what
That earth calls good, this *Seat* afforded not?
Th'impatient *Faulkner* here may learne to say
Forgotten prayers, and bleesse him every day.
The patient *Angler*, here, may tire his wish,
And (if he please) may swear, and yet catch fish.

The sneaking Fowler, may goe boldly on,
 And ne'r want sport untill his powder's done:
 And to conclude, there was no stint, no measure
 To th'old mans profit, or the young mans pleasure:
 Thither this night the Nuptiall troop is gone;
 And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her owne:
 But would you heare what entertainment past?
 Conceive it rather; for my quill would wast
 Th'unthriving stock of my bespoken time,
 While such free bounty cannot stand with rime;
 But that which most did season, and imbellish
 Their choice delights; and gave the truest relish
 To their best mirth, and pleasures; was, to see
 With what a sweet conjugall harmony
 All things were carry'd: Every word did prove
 To adde some acquisition to their love:
 So one they were, that none could justly say,
 Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey:
 He rul'd, because she would obey; and she,
 In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:
 What pleased him, would need no other cause
 To please her too, but onely his applause;
 A happy paire, whose double life, but one;
 Made one life double, and the single, none.

Thus when th'unconstant Lady of the night
 Had chang'd her sharpened hornes, for an orbe of
Kalander (whose occasions grew too strong, (light:
 And may not be dispens'd withall too long)
 Takes leave, and (being equall heavy hearted
 With sad *Parthenia* for his haste) departed:
 But *Argalus* (who never yet could owne
 Himselfe with more advantage then alone)
 And faire *Parthenia* (whose well-pleas'd desire
 Hopes nothing else, if *Argalus* be by her)

Need not the help of any, to augment
The better joyes of their retir'd content:
Sometimes the curious *garden* would invite
Their gentle paces to her proud delight; (pleasure,
Sometimes the well stor'd *Parke* would change their
And tender to her view, their light-foot treasure;
Where th'unmolested *Herd* would seeme to stand,
And crave a death at faire *Partheniaes* hand: (*Tower*,
Sometimes her steps would climbe th'ambitious
From whose aspiring top they might discover
A little Common-wealth of land, which none
But *Argalus*, durst challenge as his owne:
Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read
Selected stories, whilst her eares would feed
Upon his lips, and now and then a kisse
Would interpose like a *parenthesis*,
Betweene their semicircled armes, inclos'd;
(*O what dull spirit could be indispos'd*
To reade such lines) and whilst upon the booke
His eyes were fix'd, her pleased eyes would looke
Upon the gracefull Reader, and espie
A story far more pleasing, in his eye.

Upon a day, as they were closely seated,
Her eares attending, whilst his lips repeated
A story, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of great *Alcides*; enters
A *Messenger*, whose countenance did bewray
A haste too serious, to admit delay;
His hand presents him letters, which did bring
Their sealed errand from th'*Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside;
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as she ey'd
The messenger, her colour comes and goes;
Parthenia feares; and yet *Parthenia* knowes

Not what to feare; Her jealous heart knowes how
 To feare an evill, because it feares to know;
 And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
 Upon his eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt
 A thousand thwarting passions: Once he cast
 His eyes one her, and finding hers so fast
 On his, he blusht, she blusht, both blusht together,
 Because they blusht for what, unknowne to either.
 The letter being read, (and having kist
Basilus name) he speedily dismiss
 The *Messenger*, with promise to obey
Basilus just commands without delay;
 That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
 His deare *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand;
 And to her greedy eye he straight presents
 The paper; ballac'd with its sad contents:
Parthenia, with a fearefull slownesse tooke it,
 And with a fearefull haste did overlooke it:
 Her face being blanch'd with the pallid signes
 Of what she fear'd too soone, she read these lines.

Basilus Rex.

V Hereas the famous and victorious name
 Of great *Amphialus*, makes the trump of Fame
 Breath nothing but his conquests, and renowne;
 Whose lawlesse actions fortune strives to crowne
 (In spite of justice) with a victors merit,
 Respecting more the greatnesse of his spirit,
 Than justnesse of his cause; to the dishonour
 Of vertue, and all such as wait upon her.
 And furthermore; whereas his power is knowne
 To oppugne the welfare of our State and Crowne,
 With strong rebellion, to the high advancement
 Of his disloyall glory, and inhancement

of

Of his perfidious name, the great increase
 Of factions, and disturbance of our peace.
 Likewise, whereas his high prevailing hand
 (Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)
 Could ne'r be equall'd yet, much lesse o'r-come;
 But with loud triumph, still does carry home
 The spoyles of our lost honour, to the same
 Of his rebellious glory, and our shame:
 We therefore in our princely care perpending
 The serious premisses, and much depending
 On your knowne courage, have selected you
 To stand our Champion royall, and renew
 Our wasted honour, with your sword and lance
 In equall Duell; Thus you shall advance
 The glorious pitch of your renowned name
 With the brave purchase of eternall fame:
 In this you shall revive our dying glory,
 And live the subject of this ages story,
 (Which shall be read till time shall have an end)
 And tye Basilus your perpetuall friend.

To our right trusty and noble
 kinsman Argalus.

But as she read, her teares did trickle downe
 Upon the lines, as if they meant to drowne
 Th'unwelcome message, and at length, she said,

Ah me (my Argalus) was't this you made
 Such haste to answer? did that answer need
 To be returned with so great a speed?
 Can you, oh can you be so quickly won
 To leave your poore Parthenia, and be gon?

To whom resolved Argalus (whose eye
 Was fixt upon his honour) made reply,
 My deare Parthenia, were it to obtaine
 The unsumm'd wealth of Pluto; or to gaine

The soveraignty of the earth, without expence
Of blood or sweat, without the least pretence
Of danger, my ambition would despise
The easie conquest of so great a prize,
If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
The poorest teare that trickles from thine eye.
But to recall my promise, or forsake
That resolution honour bids me make
In this behalfe, or to betray that trust
Repos'd in me, the gods would be unjust,
(And not themselves) if they should but command
Or urge me, with an over swaying hand :
My deare Parthenia ; Let no false suggestion
Abuse thy passion ; or presume to question
My dearest love, though honour bids us part,
Yet honour cannot rob thee of my heart :
Honour, that calls me with her loud alarmes,
Will bring me back with Triumph to thine armes.
So said, the sad Parthenia (whose teares
Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language : Griefes that are but small
Can speake, when great ones cannot vent at all :
But tender-hearted Argalus (to whom
Such silence speakes too loud) forsooke the roome :
And, with a brest, as full of pensive care,
As honour, gave directions to prepare
His warlike Steed, his Martiall attire,
And all things, such imployment does require .

And here O thou, thou great Supreme Protectresse
Of bolder spirits, and the sole directresse
Of lofty flying quills, which shall derive
To after-times, what glorious swords atchive :
And mak'st the actions of heroick spirits
Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits :

Illustrious

*Illustrious Clio : aide me and inspire
 My ragged rimes, with thy diviner fire :
 Teach me to raise my style, and to attaine
 A pitch, that may transcend the vulgar straine :
 Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing :
 And let my ink be blood : that I may sing
 Death to the life : let him, that reads, expound
 Each dash, a sword, and every word a wound.*

By this, the *Champion Royall* had put on
 His marshall weeds : but hasting to be gone,
 The poore *Parthenia*, whose cold fit past
 (Like those in agues) now does burne as fast :
 Shee leaves the lonely roome, and comming out
 She finds her *Argalus*, enclos'd about
 With glittering walls of steele : apparel'd round
 In his bright armes, (whom she had rather found
 Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
 But what her lips could not (poore soule) allow
 Without a sea of teares, her last farewell,
 She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
 Upon her knees ; she claspt him by the arme,
 And looking up, she thus began to charme :

*My Argalus, my Argalus : my deare ;
 And wilt thou goe and leave Parthenia here ?
 Wilt thou forsake me then ? and can these teares
 Not intercede betwixt thy deafned cares
 And my sad suit ? Canst thou, O canst thou goe
 And leave thy poore distressed Parthenia so ?
 Parthenia sues, Parthenia does implore ;
 Parthenia begges, that never begg'd before ;
 Remember, O remember you are, now,
 Vnder the power of a sacred vow :
 Honour must stoope to vowes, which once being crackt
 You cannot doe an honorable act :*

I have a right unto you ; you are mine :
I have that interest which I'll ne'r resigne
Till death : I'll never hazard to forgoe
My whole estate of happines, at one throw :
No, no, I will not : I will hold thee fast
In spite of Honour and her nine dayes blast :
Your former acts have given sufficient prooffe
To the wide world ; your valour's knowne enough
Without a farther triall ; there's enow
To lose their lives (lesse worthy) besides you ;
'Twas then a time for armes, when you had none,
None other left to venture, but your owne :
Excuse me then, that onely doe endeavour
To hold mine owne, which now I must, or never ;
Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
No danger, but Parthenia must partake ;
Shall your Parthenia be endanger'd then ?
Parthenia shall be present, even when
The strokes fall thickest, and Parthenia shall
Suffer what ere to Argalus may befall ;
Parthenia, in your greatest paine, shall smart ;
Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart.
Can prayers obtaine no place, by this deare hand,
The sacred pledge of our conjugall band,
By all the pleasures of our dearest love ;
By heaven, and all the heavenly powers above ;
Or if those motives cannot find a roome,
Yet by the tender fruit, that in my wombe
Begins to bud ; or if ought else appeare
To thy best thoughts more precious or more dear,
By that forsake me not, although I be
Prevaile not, Grant this first, this last request.

To whom the broken-hearted Argalus,
Wearied, but not o'rcome, made answer thus :

My

My deare Parthenia : Thy desires never
 Gain said my will, till now : Doe not perseuer
 To crave that boone, I cannot grant : forbear
 To urge me : Resoluzion hath no care
 Weepe not, (my joy) Let not these drops of rhine,
 That trickle from so faire an eye, divine
 A foule successe : Cheare up, a smile or two
 Would make me halfe a conqueror, ere I goe.
 Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight
 The glorious luster of so faire a light;
 Doubt not my life : the justnesse of my cause,
 That brings me on, will quit me with applause.
 Feare not, that such a blessing, such a wife
 Was e'r intended for so short a life.
 Expect my safe returne ; as quick, as glorious ;
 My Genius tels me, I shall live victorious.

So said, as if that passion had forgot
 Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not:
 But, like to one, new stricken with the thunder,
 Shee stood betwixt amazement, feare and wonder;
 His lips tooke leave, and as his armes surrounded
 Her feeble waist, she strait fell down, & fwoounded:
 But *Argalus* transported with the tide
 And tyranny of honour, could abide
 No longer stay ; he trusts her to the guard
 Of her owne women, left her, and repair'd
 Unto the *Campe* ; wherein, he spent some dayes,
 In parley, with *Amphialus* ; and assayes
 By all perswasive meanes, to make him yeeld
 To just demands, and not to staine the field
 With needlesse blood ; But finding him unapt
 For peacefull counsell (being strongly rap
 With his owne fame) and scorning to afford
 His care to any language, but the sword,

He ceas'd t'advise him ; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this defie :

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
If strong perswasions, backt with reasons, could
Bin honour'd with your eare, your wisdom would,
In yeelding to so faire a peace, have won
As ample glory, as your sword hath done.
You should have conquer'd soules, where now at most,
You can subdue but bodie, that have to shew
The power to resist : But since my suit,
Sowne on so barren soile, can finde no fruit ;
Receive a mortall challenge, from a hand,
Whose justice takes a glory to withstand
So foule a cause, and labours to subdue
Your heedlesse errors, whilst it honours you :
Compose you then, to make a preparation,
According to your noble wonted fashion ;
And thinke not slight of ne'r so weake an arme
That strikes, when justice strikes up her alarme.

Argalus.

No sooner had he read it, but his pen,
With noble speed, return'd these lines agen :
Much more renowned *Argalus*,
Your faithfull servant, whose victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now,
By your brave courtesie, being striken dumbe
With your rare worth, and fairely overcome.
Yet doubting not the justnesse of my cause
(That's over-ruled by the sacred lawes
Of dearest love) will give my sword the power
Even to maintaine it, to the latest houre.
I shall expect your coming in the Ile,
Where, with a heart, (not payson'd with the bile
Or gall of malice) with my dearest blood,

Your

Your servant shall be ready to make good
His just designs : assured of no lesse
Than treble fame, if crowned with successe :
If not, there's no dishonour can accrew
In being conquer'd, and o'rcome by you.

Amphialus.
Soone after *Argalus*, (whose blood did boile
To be in action) comes into the Ile,
Clad in white *armour*, gilt and strangely drest
With knots of womans haire, which from his crest
Hung dangling downe, & with their bounteous trea-
Or'spred his *Corset* in a lib'rall measure ; (sure,
His curious furniture was fashion'd out,
Like to a *flying Eagle*, round about
Beset with plumes, whose crooked beak (being cast
Into a costly jewell) was made fast
To th'saddle bow : Her spreadden traine did cover
His crooper, whilst the trappers seeme to hover
Like wings, that, to the fixt beholders eye,
As the horse pranc'd, the *Eagle* seem'd to flie.
Upon his arme (his threatning arme) he wore
A sleeve, all curiously embroydered o're
With bleeding hearts, which faire *Parthenia* made
(In those crosse times, when fortune so betraid
Their secret love, and with a smiling frowne
Dasht their false hopes) as copies of her owne.
Upon his shield (for his device) he set
Two neighbring *Palms*, whose budding branches
And twin'd together ; the obscure *Imprese* (met
Imported this, *Thus flourishing, as these* :
His *Horse* was of a fiery Sorrell, black
His Maine, his feet, his taile ; on his proud back
A coale black *List* : his nostrills open wide,
Breath'd warre, before his sparkling eye discride

An enemy to encounter; up by turnes,
He lifts his hasty hooves, as if he scornes
The earth, or if his tabring feet had found
A way, to goe, and yet ne'r change the ground.

By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes yeares) was landed in the Ile,
In all respects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment, as the sword
And *Launce* could give: and at the trumpets sound,
The *Steeds*, (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks) both start, & with smooth run-
Their staves, declining with unshaken cunning, (ning
Perform'd their Masters will, with angry speed;
But *Argalus* his well instructed Steed
Being hot, and full of courage, (fiercely led
By his owne pride) prest in his prouder head:
The which when stout *Amphialus* espide
(Well knowing it unsafe to give his side)
Prest likewise in, so that both men and horse,
Shouldring each other, with a double force
Fell to the ground; But by accustom'd skill,
And helpe of fortunes hand, that succours still
Bold spirits, shunn'd the danger of the fall,
And had (lesse fear'd than hurt) no harme at all:
They rose, drew forth their swords, which now be-
To do what their left staves had left undone. (gun

Have ye beheld a *Leaguer*? In what sort
The deep mouth'd *Canon* playes upon the *Fort*,
And how by peecemeales it doth batter downe
The yeelding *walls* of the besieged towne?
Even so their swords (whose oft repeated blowes
Could finde no patience yet to enterpose
A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
So hew'd their prooffesse armours, that at length

Their

Their failing trust began to prove unsound,
 And peece by peece, they dropt upon the ground,
 Trusting their bodies to the bare defence
 Of vertue, and unarmed innocence:
 Such deadly blowes were dealt, and such required,
 That *Mars* himselfe stood ravisht and affrighted
 To see the cruell *Combate*; every blow
 Did act two parts, both struck and guarded too
 At selfe-same instant. So incomparable
 Their skilfull quicknesse was, that none was able
 To say, (although their watchfull eyes attended
 The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended:
 Long was it ere their equall skill and force
 Of armes could shew a better, or a worse:
 Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
 In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
 More equall odds: No wound as yet could show
 A drop of wasted blood, yet every blow
 Was full of death: *When skilfull Gamsters play,*
The Christmas boxe gaines often more then they.

At length the sword of *Argalus* (that never
 Thirsted so long in vaine till now; nor ever
 Made victory doubtfull for so long a space)
 Fastned a wound on the disarmed face
 Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
 Had not his faithfull shield borne part, and bin
 An equall sharer, his unequall foe,
 No doubt, had summ'd his conquest in that blow;
 With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose harme
 Gave sprightly quicknesse to his wounded arme,
 Upheav'd his thirsty Brondyron, and let flie
 A downe right blow, but with a falsifie
 Revers't the stroke, and left a gaping wound
 In his right arme; But *Argalus*, that found

A losse of of blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage closely lay
Upon a lower guard ; withall expecting
A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting ;
For whilst *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, & proclaim'd
Undoubted victory) heap'd his strokes so fast
As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last,
The watchfull *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
Dispos'd his time, in onely putting by)
Put home a thrust, (his right foot comming in)
And pierc'd his *Navell* ; that the wound had bin
No lesse than death, if *Fortune* (that can turne
A mischiefe to advantage) had forborne
To shew a miracle ; for with that blow
Amphialus last made, his arme had so
Orestruck it selfe ; that sideward to the ground
He fell ; and falling, he receiv'd that wound
Which (had he stood) had enter'd in, point blanck,
But, falling, onely graz'd upon his flank :
Being downe ; brave *Argalus* his threatening sword
Bids yeeld ; *Amphialus* answering not a word,
(As one, whose mighty spirit did disdaine
A life of almes) but striving to regaine
His legs, and honour, *Argalus* let drive,
With all the strength a wounded arme could give,
Upon his head ; but his hurt arme (not able
To do him present service, answerable
To his desires) let his weapon fall ;
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withall)
Arose, but *Argalus* ran in, and graspt
(Being clos'd together) with him, where both claspt
And grip'd each in th'unfriendly armes of either,
A while they grapled, grappling fell together,

And

And on the ground, with equall fortune strove;
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
And sometimes *Argalus*. Both joyntly vow'd
Revenge; Both wallowed in their mingled blood,
Both bleeding fresh: Now *Argalus* bids yeeld:
And now *Amphialus*: Both would win the field,
Yet neither could; at last, by free consent,
They rose; and to their breathed swords they went:
The *Combat's* now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had been but new begun:
New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,
And warme blood entermingles with the cold:
But *Argalus* (whose wounded arme had lost
More blood, than all his body could almost
Supply; and like an unthrift, that expends
So long as he hath either stock, or friends)
Bled more than his spent fountains could make good;
His spirit could give courage, but not blood.

As when two wealthy *Clyents*, that wax old
In suit (whose learned *Counsell* can uphold,
And glaze the cause alike, on either side)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to say,
Who prospers best, or who shall get the *Day*,
But he, whose water first shall cease to flow,
And ebbe so long, till it shall ebbe too low,
His cause, (though richly laden to the brink
With right) shall strike upon the *barre* and sink,
And then an easie *Counsell* may unfold
The doubt; the *Question's* ended, with the gold:
Even so our *Combatants*, the whil'ft their blood
Was equall spilt; the cause seem'd equall good,
The victory equall, equall was their armes,
Their hopes were equall; equall was their harmes,

But

But when poore *Argalus* his waſting blood
 Ebb'd in his veines, (although it made a flood,
 A precious flood, in the ungratefull field)
 His cauſe, his ſtrength, (but not his heart) muſt yeeld:
 Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
 The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:
 With that, *Amphialus* (whoſe noble ſtrife
 Was but to purchaſe honour, and not life)
 Perceiving what advantage, in the fight
 He gained, and the valour of the *Knight*,
 Became his ſuitor, that himſelfe would pleaſe
 To pittie himſelfe, and let the *Combat* ceaſe:
 Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
 In honour to part ſtakes) with thanks, refus'd;
 (Like to a luckleſſe gamſter; who, the more
 He loſes, is leſſe willing to give o'er)
 And filling up his empty veines with ſpite,
 Begins to ſumme his forces, and unite
 His broken ſtrength; and (like a Lamp that makes
 The greateſt blaze at going out) he takes
 His ſword in both his hands, and at a blow
 Cleft armour, ſhield, and arme, almoſt in two:
 But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
 All pittie; and, truſting to his *Cards*, he ſets
 That ſtock of courage, treasur'd in his breaſt,
 Making his whole eſtate of ſtrength, his *Reſt*;
 And vies ſuch blowes, as *Argalus* could not ſee
 Without his loſſe of life: ſo thundred he
 Upon his wounded body, that each wound
 Seem'd like an open *ſtuee* of blood, that found
 No hand to ſtop it, till the dolefull cry
 Of a moſt beautious *Lady*, (who well nigh
 Had run her ſelfe to death) reſtrain'd his arme
 (Perchance too late) from doing further harme:

It was the faire *Parthenia*, who that night
Had dream'd, she saw her husband in the plight
She now had found him: Feare and Love together
Gave her no rest, till they had brought her thither:
The nature of her feare did now begin
T'expell the feare of *Nature*; stepping in
Betweene their pointing swords, she prostrate lay
Before their blood bedabled feet, to say
She knew not what; for as her lips would strive
To be deliver'd, a deep sigh would drive
Th'abortive issue of her language forth,
Which, borne untimely, perisht in the birth;
And if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,
O, then a teare would trickle, and prevent it;
But when the wind of her loud sighes had laid
The shower of her teares, she sob'd and said:
O wretched eyes of mine! O wailfull sight!
O day of darknesse! O eternall night!
And there she stop't; her eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus; she sigh'd and thus went on:

My Lord,
'Tis said you love: Then, by that sacred power
Of Love, as you'd find mercy in the houre
Of greatest misery, leave off; and sheath
Your bloody sword: or else if nought but death
May slake your anger, O let mine, let mine
Be a sufficient offering at the Shrine
Of your appeased thoughts, or, if you thirst
For *Argalus* his life; then take mine first:
Or, if for noble blood you seeke, if so
Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,
And worth the spilling: Even for her deare sake,
Your tender soule affects, awake, awake
Your noble mercy: Grant I care not whether:

Let me dye first : or kill us both together ;

With that *Amphialus* was about to speake,
But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost breake
To heare *Partheniaes* words) made this reply,

*Parthenia, ah Parthenia, Then must I
Be bought and sold for teares ? is my condition
So poore, I cannot live, but by petition ?*

So said ; He stept aside (for feare, by chance,
The fury of some misguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain,
Would have begun the *Combat* fresh againe :

But now *Amphialus* was charm'd ; his hand
Had no sufficient warrant to withstand
Parthenia's suit, from whose faire eyes there came
Such precious teares, in so belov'd a name ;
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome ; his very soule did smart ;
He stirred not, but kept him at a distance ;
And (putting by some blowes) made no resistance.

But what can long endure ? Lamps wanting oyle,
Must out at last, although they blaze a while ;
Trees wanting sap must wither : strength and beauty
Can claime no priviledge to quit that duty.
They owe to *Time* and *Change* ; but like a Vine
(The unsound supporters failing) must decline :
Poore *Argalus* growes faint, and must give o're
To strike ; his feeble arme can strike no more ;
And natures pale. fac'd *Bayly* now distraines
His blood, for that small debt that yet remains
Unpaide ; His arme that cannot use the point,
Now leanes upon the *pomell* ; every joynt
Disclaimes their idle sinewes ; and his eye
Begins to double every object by ;
Nothing appeares the same it was ; the ground,

And

And all thereon does seeme to dance the round,
His legges grow faint, and thinking to sit downe,
He mist his Chaire, and fell into a swoone.

With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haste, *Amphialus* began
To loose his *Helmet*, whil' st her busie palme
Chaf'd his cold temples, and (distilling Balme
Into his wounds) her hasty fingers tore
Her linnen sleeves, and Partlet that she wore,
To wipe the teare-mixt-blood away, and wrap
His wounds withall; upon her panting lap
Shee laid his live-lesse head, and (wanting bands
To binde the bloody cloathes) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made so long) did freely rend
Her dainty haire, by handfulls from her head;
But as she wrapt the wounds, her eyes would shed
And wet the rags so much, that she was faine
With sighes and sobs to dry it up againe:
Thus halfe distracted with her griefes and feares,
These words she entermingles with her teares:

*Distrest Parthenia! Into what estate
Hath fortune, and the direfull hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed soule? O thou, O thou,
That wert the president of all joyes, but now,
Now turn'd th' example of all misery
For torments, worse than death, to practice by!
How lesse than nothing art thou? and how more
Than miserable! Thou that wert before
All Ladies of the earth for happinesse
But very now, (ah me) now, nothing lesse:
O angry heavens, what hath Parthenia done,
To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty? what shall poore Parthenia doe?*

*To whom shall she complaine ? alas ! or who
 Shall give reliefe ? nay who can give reliefe
 To her that hopes for succour from her grieve ?
 O death ! Must we be parted then for ever ;
 And never meet againe ? what, never ? never ?
 Or shall Parthenia now be so unkinde,
 To leave her Argalus, and stay behinde ?
 No, no, my dearest Argalus, make roome,
 (There's roome enough in heaven) I come, I come.*

*Who ever saw a dying coale of fire,
 Lurke in warme embers (till some breath inspire
 A forc'd revivall) how obscure it lies,
 And being blowne, glimmers a while and dies :
 So Argalus, to who Parthenia's breath
 Giving new life, (a life in spite of death)
 Recall'd him from his death-resembling-trance,
 Who from a panting pillow did advance
 His feeble head, and looking up, he made
 Hard shift to force a language, and thus said ;*

*My deare Parthenia : Now my glasse is run,
 The Tapours tell me that the play is done,
 My dayes are summ'd, death seizes on my heart ;
 Alas ! the time is come, and we must part :
 Yet by my better hopes, grimme death doth bring
 No grieve to Argalus, no other sting
 But this, that I must leave thee, even before
 My gratefull actions can crosse the score
 Of thy deare merits :
 But since it pleases him, whose wisdom still
 Disposes all things by his better will,
 Depend upon his goodnesse, and rely
 Vpon his pleasure, not inquiring why,
 And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
 Enjoy each other, ne'r to part agen :*

Meane

*Meane while live happy : Let Parthenia make
No doubt, but blessed Argalus shall partake
In all her joyes on earth, which shall increase
His joyes in heaven, and soules eternall peace :
Love well the deare remembrance of thy true
And faithfull Arg'lus ; let no thought renew
My last disgrace : thinke not the hand of Fate
Made me unworthy, though unfortunate :*

And as he spake that word, his lips did vent
A sigh, whose violence had well-nigh rent
His heart in twaine ; and when a parting kisse
Had given him earnest of approaching blisse,
He snatch'd his sword into his hand, and cride,
O death ! Thou art a conquerour, and dide.
With that *Parthenia*, whose livelihood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down her head and swounded ;
But, Griefe, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave Death a longer day,
Else had *Parthenia* dy'de, since death deprived
Him of his life, in whose deare life she lived.

But ah ! *Parthenia's* sorrow was too deepe ;
Too too unruly, to be lull'd asleepe
By ought but death : She startles from her swound,
And nimbly rising from the loathed ground,
Kneeles downe, and layes her trembling hand upon
His luke-warme lips, but finding his breath gone,
Griefe playes the tyrant, fierce distraction drives her
She knowes not where, unbounded rage deprives her
Of sense and language, here and there she goes,
Not knowing what to doe, nor what she does :
Sometimes, her faire misguided hand would teare
Her beauteous face, sometimes, her beauteous haire ;
As if their use could stand her in no stead,
Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.

But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
 Stood like an *Idoll* fastned to his place,
 Where with a world of teares he did bemoane
 The deed, that his unlucky hands had done)
 Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
 Not ease the misery of her wofull state,
 Spake not, but caus'd her women that came with her
 To urge her to the *Ferry*, where together
 With her dead *Argalus* she' mbarkt; from whom
 She would not part: No sooner was she come
 To t'other shore, but all the funerall state,
 Of military discipline did wait
 Upon the *Corps*, whil'st troopes of trickling eyes
 Fore-ran the well-perform'd solemnities:
 The marshall *Trumpet* breath'd her dolefull sound,
 Whil'st others trail'd their *Ensignes* on the ground:
 Thus was the most lamented *Corps* convaide
 Upon a *Chariot*, lin'd, and over-laid
 With *Sables*, to his house, a house, than night
 More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:
 Where now we leave him to receive the *Crowne*
 Prepar'd for vertue, and deserv'd renowne;
 Where now we leave him to be full possesst
 Of endlesse peace, and everlasting *Rest*.

But who shall comfort poore *Parthenia* now?
 What *Oratory* can prevaile? or how
 Can counsell chuse but blush to undergoe
 So vaine a task, and be contemned too?
 May reason move a heart, whose best reliefe
 Consists in desp'rate yeelding to a griefe:
 Or what advise can relish in her cares,
 That weeps, and takes a pleasure in her teares?

*Readers, forbear, sorrowes that are lamented,
 Are but exulcrated, but augmented;*

Forbear

For beare attempt, where there is no prevailing :
A desperate griefe growes stronger by bewailing :
Leave her to time and fortune : let your eyes
No longer pry into her miseries ;
True mourners love to be beheld of none,
Who truely grieves, desires to grieve alone.

But now our bloodhound *Muse* must draw, & track
Amphialus, and bring the murtherer back
To a new *Combate* : Where, if fortune please
To crowne our *Tragick Scene*, and to appease
The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood ;
Our better relisht story (making good
Your hopefull expectations) shall befriend
The teares of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soone as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worne
The danger of his wounds, and made returne
Into the marshall Campe, there to maintaine
His new-got honour, and to entertaine
Aggrieved challengers, that shall demand,
Or seeke for satisfaction from his hand ;
An armed *Knight* came praunsing o're the plaine,
Denouncing war, and breathing forth disdain :
Foure Dam'sels usherd him, in fable weeds ;
And foure came after, all on mourning Steeds ;
His curious Armour was so painted over
With lively shadowes, that you might discover
The Image of a gaping Sepulchre ;
About the which, were scattered here, and there
Some dead mens bones : His horse was black as Jet,
His furniture was round about beset
With *branches*, slipt from the sad *Cypresse* tree,
His *bases* (reaching farre below the knee)
Embroydred o're with wormes : upon his *shield*,
For his *Imprese*, he had a beauteous childe,

Whose body had two heads, whereof the t'one
Appear'd quite dead; the t'other (drawing on)
Did seeme to gaspe for breath, and underneath,
This *Motto* was subscrib'd *From death, by death*;
Thus arm'd to point, he sent his bold defie
T' *Amphialus*, who sent as quick reply.
Forthwith, being summon'd, by the Trumpets sound
They start; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
The *Knight* had mist his rest, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take advantage, would not let
His Launce descend, nor (bravely passing by)
Encounter his befriended Enemy:

Whereat the angry *Knight* (not apt to brooke
Such unsupportable mishap) forooke
His white-mouth'd *Steed*, throwing his *Launce* aside,
(Which too too partiall fortune had denide
A faire successe) drew forth his glittering sword;
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhor'd
A conquest meerely by advantage gain'd,
Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
Drew forth his sword; and for a little space
Their strokes contended with an equall pace,
And fiercenesse: He herein did more discover
A bravery, than anger, whilst the other
Bewray'd more spleene, than either skill, or strength,
To manage it: *Amphialus* at length,
With more than wanted ease, did batter so
His ill defended armour, that each blow,
Open'd a doore, for death to enter in;
And now the noble *Conquerour* does begin
To hate so poore a conquest, and disdain'd
To take a life, so easily obtain'd,
And mov'd with pittie, (stepping back) he staid
His unresisted violence, and said,

Sir

*Sir Knight, contest no more; but take the peace
Of your owne passion; Let the combate cease,
Seeke not your causelesse ruine; turne your arme
(Better imploy'd) 'gainst such, as wish you harme:
Husband your life, before it be too late,
Fall not by him, that ne'r deserv'd your hate.*

To whom, the Knight return'd these words againe.

*Thou lye'st false Traitor, and I here disdaine
Both words and mercy, with a base defie,
And to thy throat, my sword shall turne the lye.
To whom Amphialus; Vncivill Knight,
Couragious in nothing, but in spight,
And base discourtesie, thou soone shalt know
Whether thy tongue betrayses thy heart or no:
And as he spake, he gave him such a wound
Upon the neck, as struck him to the ground:
And, with the fall, his sword (that now denyde
All mercy) fiercely tilts into his side;
That done; he loos'd his Helmet, with intent,
To make his overlavish tongue repent
Of those base words, he had so basely said,
Or else, to crop him shorter, by the head.*

Who ever saw th'illustrious eye of noone
(New broken from a gloomy cloud) send downe
His earth-rejoycing glory, and display
His golden beames upon the sonnes of Day;
Even so, the Helmet being gone, a faire
And costly treasure of unbrayded haire
O'rsped the shoulders of the vanquisht Knight,
Whose now discover'd visage (in despight
Of neighb'ring death,) did witnesse and proclaime
A soveraigne beauty in Parthenia's name,
And she it was indeed, see how she lies
Smiling on death, as if her blessed eyes

(Blest in their best defiers) had espied
His face already, for whose sake she died:
The *Lillies*, and the *Roses* (that while e're
Strove in her cheeks, till they compounded there)
Have broke their truce, and freshly false to blowes
Behold the *Lilly* hath o'recome the *Rose*:
Her *Alabaster* neck (that did out-goe
The *Doves* in whitenesse, Or the new fallen snow)
Was stain'd with blood, as if the red did seeke
Protection there, being banisht from her cheek:
So full of sweetnesse, was her dying face,
That death had not the power to displace
Her native beauty; onely by translation,
Moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.

But now *Amphialus*, (in whom griefe and shame
Of this unlucky victory, did claime
An equall interest) prostrate on the earth,
Accurs'd his sword, his arme, his houre of birth;
Casting his *Helmet*, and his *Gauntlet* by,
His undissembled teares did testifie
What words could not: But finding her estate
More apt for help, then griefe (though both too late)
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often cursed hands) did proffer
Their needlesse help, and, with his life to show
What honour a devoted heart could doe:
Whereto *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath
Gave speedy signes of a desired death)
Turning her fixt (but oft recalled eyes)
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more; Your hands have done, what I desire,
What I expect; and if against your will,
The better; so I wish your favours still,

Yes

*Yet one thing more (if enemies may sue)
I crave, which is, to be untoucht by you;
And as for honour, all that I demand,
Is, not to purchase honour from your hand:
No, no, 'twas no such bargain made; That he,
Whose hands had kill'd my Argalus, should help me;
Your hands have done enough, I crave no more;
And for the deeds sake, I forgive the doer.
What then remains? but that I goe to rest
With Argalus, and to be repossess
Of him, with him for ever to abide,
E're since whose death, I have so often dyed.
And there she fainted (even as if the Clock
Of death, had given a warning e're it struck)
But soone returning to her selfe againe;
Welcome sweet death, said she, whose minutes paine
Shall crowne this soule with everlasting pleasure;
Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leasure:
Delay me not: O doe me not that wrong,
My Argalus will chide, I stay so long:
O now I feele the Gordian knotted bands
Of life united: O heavens! into your hands
I recommend my better part, with trust
To finde you much more mercifull, then just,
(Yet truly just withall) O life! O death!
I call you to a witnesse, that this breath
Ne'r drew a blast of comfort, since that houre
My Arg'lus dyed: O thou eternall power,
Shroud all my faults beneath the milk-white vaile
Of thy deare mercy, and when this tongue shall faile
To speake; O then:*

*And as she spake (O then) O then she left
To speake; and being suddenly bereft
Of words, the fatall Sister did divide*

Her slender twine of life, and so she dyde,

So dyed *Parthenia*, in whose closed eyes
The world of beauty and perfection lyes
Lockt up by angels (as a thing divine)
From mortall eyes, the whilst her vertues shine
In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
Leaving the world no *Relique*, but the story
Of earths perfection, for the mouth of fame
To consecrate to her eternall name,
Which shall survive, (if Muses can divine)
(Though not in these poore monuments of mine)
To th'end of dayes, and, by these looser rimes,
Shall be deliver'd to succeeding times;
So long as beauty shall but finde a friend,
Partheniaes lasting fame shall never end:
Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaste,
Be held a sinne, *Partheniaes* name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus*, had put out this Lampe,
This Lampe of honour, he forsooke the *Campe*,
And, like a willing pris'ner was confinde
To the strict limits of a troubled minde;
No *Jury* need b'impannell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none to attest the deed;
None to give sentence, in the Judgement-hall;
Himselfe was witnesse, Jury, Judge, and all;
Where now we leave him, whilst we turne our eyes
Upon *Partheniaes* women, whose fierce cryes
Inforce a helpelesse audience: *It is said,*
When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.
One snatcht *Partheniaes* sword, resolv'd to dye
Partheniaes death: Another raving by,
Strove for the weapon; through which eager strife,
They both were hindred, and each sav'd a life.
Others, whom wiser passion had taught how

To

To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
Their carelesse bodies on the purple floore :
Where, sprinckling dust upon their heads, they tore
Their tangled haire, and garments drencht in teares :
And cryde, as if *Partheniaes* blessed eares
Could heare the voyce of grief, such griefes as would
Returne her from her glory, if they could :
Each heart was turn'd a wardrobe of true passion,
Where griefes were cloathed in a severall fashion,
Sometimes their sorrow would recall to view
Her vertue, chastnesse, sweetnesse, and renew
Their wasted passions, and oft-times, they bann'd
Themselves, for obeying her unjust command.

And now by this the mournfull trump of Fame
(Growne hoarse with very sorrow) did proclame
And spread her dolefull tidings, whilst all eares
And eyes were fill'd with death, and flyding teares ;
Pitty and *sorrow* mixt with admiration,
Became the threefold subject of all passion :
Griefe went her *progresse* through all hearts, and none
From the poore *Cottage* to the princely *Throne* (row
Could own a thought, whose best advice could bor-
The smallest respite from th'extreames of sorrow.

But all this while, *Basilus* princely brest,
As it commanded, so our-griev'd the rest ;
His share was treble : Hearts of *Kings* are deepe
And close ; what once they entertaine, they keepe
With violence : the violence of his passion
Admits no meane, as yet, no moderation ;
But soone as griefe had done her private rights
And dues to *Honour* : *Honour* (that delights
In publique service, and can make the breath
Of sighes and sobs to triumph over death)
Call'd in *solemnity* ; with all her traine

And military pompe to entertaine
 Our welcome *Mourners*, whose slow paces tread
 The paths of death; and, with sad triumph lead
 The slumbring body, to that bed of rest,
 Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
 Her sacred ashes, there intombed, lay
 The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
 Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians*, once a yeare,
 Visit the ruines of their *Sepulchre*;
 And in memoriall of their faithfull loves,
 There, built an *Altar*, where two milk-white *Doves*
 They yearly offer to the hallowed *Fame*
 Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name.

F I N I S.

Hos ego versiculos.

Like to the *Damask Rose* you see,
 Or like the blossome on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of *May*,
 Or like the morning to the day,
 Or like the *Summe*, or like the shade,
 Or like the *Gourd* which *Jonas* had,
 Even such is man, whose thred is spunne,
 Drawne out and cut, and so is done.

The *Rose* withers, the blossome blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth:
 The *Summe* sets, the shadow flies,
 The *Gourd* consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight;
 Or like a morning cleare and bright;
 Or like a frost; or like a showre;

Or

*Or like the pride of Babels Tower ;
Or like the hower that guides the Time ;
Or like to beauty in her prime ;
Even such is man, whose glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.*

*Delights vanish ; the morne o're casteth
The frost breaks, the shower hasteth ;
The towre falls, the hower spends ;
The beauty fades, and mans life ends.*

Finis.

Fr : Qu :

The Authours Dreame.

M*y finnes are like the haire upon my head,
And raise their audit to as high a score :
In this they differ : these doe dayly shed,
But ah ! my finnes grow dayly more and more.
If by my haire thou number out my finnes ;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.*

2

*My finnes are like the sands upon the shore ;
Which every ebbe layes open to the eye,
In this they differ : these are cover'd o're
With every tide, My finnes still open lye.
If thou wilt make my head a sea of teares,
O they will hide the finnes of all my yeares.*

3

*My finnes are like the Starres within the skies,
In view, in number even as bright, as great,
In this they differ : these doe set and rise :
But ah ! my finnes doe rise, but never set.
Shine Sunne of glory, and my finnes are gone
Like twinkling Starres before the rising Sunne.*

Finis.

Fr : Qu :